

THE ILLUSTRATED

# SPORTING & DRAMATIC

## NEWS



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No. 23.—VOL. I.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1874.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—Calendar for week ending AUGUST 8th, 1874.

MONDAY, AUG. 3rd, BANK HOLIDAY.—Ballad Concert: Madame Idia Gillies Corri, Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. W. Carlton, Signor Foli, and other artistes. Performance by Mountaineers of the Apennines on their extraordinary instruments of terra-cotta, the Ocarine Dramatic Entertainments in Opera Theatre. Balloon Ascents. New feats of daring by Romah. All the Great Fountains. Military Bands. Garden Fête.

TUESDAY, AUG. 4th.—Opera in English. Mountaineers of the Apennines, on the Ocarine. Romah.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 5th.—Comedy, "School for Scandal!" Mr. Creswick, Messrs. Wyndham, Atkins, and W. H. Stephens; Mrs. Stirling, Miss Hazleton, and Mrs. Fairfax. Mountaineers of the Apennines on the Ocarine. Romah.

THURSDAY, AUG. 6th.—Opera in English. Great Firework Display by Messrs. C. T. Brock & Co. Romah.

FRIDAY, AUG. 7th.—Mountaineers of the Apennines on the Ocarine. Romah.

SATURDAY, AUG. 8th.—Opera in English. Mountaineers of the Apennines on the Ocarine. Romah.

Monday to Friday, One Shilling; Saturday, Half-a-crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The AMERICAN BASE BALL PROFESSIONAL PLAYERS, who have just arrived in England, will Play a MATCH illustrative of their National Game (as popular in the United States as is Cricket in our own country), on the Crystal Palace Cricket-ground, on MONDAY and TUESDAY, AUGUST 10th and 11th.

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The Ordinary Service of Express Trains leave Euston Station at 7.15 a.m., 10.0 a.m., 10.10 a.m., 8.0 p.m., 8.40 p.m. (Limited Mail), and 9.0 p.m. for all parts of Scotland.

Third-class Passengers conveyed by all trains with the exception of the 10.0 a.m. and the 8.40 p.m. (Limited Mail), which convey First and Second Class Passengers only.

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SLEEPING SALOONS.—A Sleeping Saloon is run by the 8.0 p.m. train from Euston to Perth every night except Saturdays, when it will be attached to the 8.40 p.m. Limited Mail for Perth; returning by the 7.30 p.m. train from Perth to Euston every night except Sundays, when it will leave Perth by the 4.40 p.m. Limited Mail.

For further particulars see the Company's Time Books.

G. FINDLAY, Chief Traffic Manager.

Euston Station, July, 1874.

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This arrangement also applies to the Tickets issued between London and Beckenham Junction, but not to the Cheap Tickets issued between London and Gravesend.

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COWES	... arr.	11 5	1 25	3 25	5 35	5 35	7 45	7 45	8 45		
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SANDOWN	... ,	11 16	1 24	2 30	3 46	5 39	5 39	7 24	8 4	8 44	
SHANKLIN	... ,	11 23	1 30	2 36	3 52	5 46	5 46	7 30	8 10	8 50	
VENTNOR	... ,	11 37	1 42	2 48	4 4	6 0	6 0	7 42	8 22	9 2	

c—Cheap Fast Trains run on Saturdays only.

Coaches have commenced running for the Season from Ventnor to Blackgang Chine, and through the Undercliff to Freshwater.

Tickets and every information at the West-End General Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order), J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager,

London Bridge Terminus,

July, 1874.

## AUGUST.—BANK HOLIDAY. GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS. LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

BRIGHTON AND BACK FOR FOUR SHILLINGS, on MONDAY, Aug. 3rd, by Special Trains, leaving London Bridge 7.30 to 9.0 a.m., and Victoria 7.45 to 8.45 a.m.; also from Kensington 8.15 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, Clapham Junction, and other Suburban Stations; returning the same day. Return fare, 3d. class, 4s.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARD'S AND BACK FOR FIVE SHILLINGS.—On MONDAY, Aug. 3rd (Bank Holiday), from London Bridge, New Cross, Victoria, Clapham Junction, and East Croydon; returning same day. Fares—1st class, 10s.; 3d. class, 5s.

EASTBOURNE & BACK FOR FIVE SHILLINGS.—On MONDAY, Aug. 3rd (Bank Holiday), from London Bridge, New Cross, Victoria, Clapham Junction, and East Croydon; returning same day. Fares—1st class, 10s.; 3d. class, 5s.

BRIGHTON & BACK FOR THREE SHILLINGS, every Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, from London Bridge 8.30 a.m., Victoria 8.45 a.m.; also from Kensington 8.15 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, Clapham Junction, and other Suburban Stations; returning the same day. Return fares—1st class, 7s.; 3d. class, 3s. Except on Bank Holiday, Monday, August 3rd, when the Fare will be 4s.

Admission to the Grand Aquarium, on Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays, reduced to Sixpence.

## BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY SATURDAY

appreciative tribute to the high histrionic ability of the artiste who has, since her engagement at the Haymarket with Mr. Sothern, made such signal progress in her profession—especially indicated by her admirably sustained embodiment of the heroine of Mr. Wilkie Collins's drama, *The New Magdalen*, last year, and in the still more difficult impersonation of 'Lady Clancarty' in Mr. Tom Taylor's romantic historical drama, which has been the success of the present season at the Olympic, and which was appropriately selected as the *pièce de résistance* on the present occasion—Miss Cavendish repeating the part of the devoted wife, 'Lady Clancarty,' for the 121st time—and appearing for the second time as 'Lady Teazle' in two acts (the second and third) of *School for Scandal*. Mrs. Stirling and Mr. W. H. Stephens lending their services in the *rôles* of 'Mrs. Candour' and 'Sir Peter Teazle,' the other characters being adequately supported by members of the Olympic company. In the course of the evening Miss Cavendish addressed the audience in the following graceful speech, delivered with charming point and evident emotional feeling:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—After having appeared before you a hundred and twenty-one nights as the devoted wife of a gallant and romantic husband, in Mr. Tom Taylor's play, I now present myself to you in my own person, to assure you after all my attachment to this paragon of husbands is not the only feeling of which I am capable. I have friends here who have long honoured me with their encouragement, their staunch kindness, and their generous approval, and I should like to express to them in a few simple words how sensible I am of all that I owe to them. Pray for once consider the woman as distinct from the actress, and do not distrust my sincerity towards you because after having been a loyal wife to Lord Clancarty, I proved myself a rather trying wife to poor Sir Peter Teazle. Remember it is the nature of us poor weak women, when once indulged and encouraged beyond our deserts, to grow a little capricious and coquettish, and, indeed, by this rule, I am by no means sure, were I to speak at any length, I should not grow coquettish towards you; but please bear in mind that, even as Lady Teazle, I was not bad at heart. If you doubt me, I will call the distinguished actress who has graced my benefit to-night. Yet I doubt if that would be wise, for, although you are accustomed to dwell on every word from the lips of Mrs. Stirling, I am not sure you would rely on her ardour when she speaks as Mrs. Candour. I will ask you frankly to trust me, and believe without evidence how much I appreciate your kindness. An actress must ever feel that her special friends are the public, to whom she devotes her energies, and who give her by their sympathy new powers to be employed in their service. In a fortnight I conclude my present engagement, happy to me in your favour and in my association with my professional brothers and sisters, including our justly popular manager. After a provincial tour of some length, I hope to reappear in London; and if I dare believe our future meeting will be half as pleasant to you as to myself, that thought would in deed lighten the regret I must feel when I bid you for a time farewell."

*Clancarty* has been repeated during the week and will be continued until the termination of Miss Cavendish's engagement next week.

Two more theatres closed on Saturday last—Miss Litton terminating the season at the Court, with the last representation of Mr. F. Marshall's amusing comedy *Brighton*, their Royal Highnesses, The Prince and Princess of Wales, honouring the theatre with their presence on the occasion; and Mr. Hollingshead's company closed their performances of *La Fille de Madame Angot* at the Globe. Mr. Craven Robertson's *Caste* company ended their engagement at the Standard the same evening—appearing for the last time in *School*, and were succeeded here on Monday evening by Mr. Bateman's company from the Lyceum, for a series of representations of the plays which have been so successful at the Lyceum. *Charles I* has been performed during the week, with Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Isabel Bateman, and Mr. Clayton in their great parts of 'Charles,' the Queen, 'Henrietta Maria,' and 'Cromwell,' supported by the original Lyceum cast. At the Marylebone, *Little Em'ly*, with Mr. Emery as 'Dan'l Peggotty,' was replaced on Saturday by Mr. Halliday's drama, *Heart's Delight*, which was repeated on the first three nights of the week; Mr. Emery sustaining his great part of 'Captain Cuttle' and Miss Emma Barnett appearing as 'Edith Dombey.' Mr. Emery's engagement here terminated with his benefit on Thursday, when he and Mr. George Belmore appeared in *Plot and Passion*. The central theatres still remaining open, have continued their programmes unaltered. *Old Heads and Young Hearts*, and *Creatures of Impulse*, at the Vaudeville; *Lead Astray* at the Gaiety; *The Prayer in the Storm* at the Adelphi; *Paul Pry* and *The Field of the Cloth of Gold*, at the Strand—are likely still to continue for some little time longer. At the Haymarket *The Overland Route* will be played for the last time to-night, and the season here will close with the annual benefit of Mr. Buckstone, on Monday next, when Mr. Robert Buchanan's new comedy, *A Mad-Cap Prince*, which has been several times postponed, will be produced for the first time; Mr. Sims Reeves, as last year, will lend his services, and sing two new songs, and Mr. Buckstone will as usual deliver a valedictory address. *The School for Scandal* reached its 100th representation on Wednesday at the Prince of Wales's, where the season closes next Friday. Mr. D'Oyley Carte's occupation of the Opera Comique was to have terminated to-night, and *Girofle-Girofia*, to be represented for the last time by the Brussels Company, but arrangements have been made with M. Lecocq to continue the performances for another week. Last night was devoted to the benefit of M. Mario Widmer, for whom Miss Emily Soldene lent her services. A day performance took place here yesterday for the benefit of Miss Rose Bell of the Alhambra, who appeared in conjunction with Miss Emily Muir and M. Marius, of the Strand, in a new one-act opera-bouffe, entitled *The Silver Cage*, which formed the principal feature of a varied and attractive programme.

While so many theatres have successively closed their doors, symptoms of reaction already show themselves, in the reopening of two leading houses to-night. Mr. Charles Morton's opera bouffe company, under the direction of Miss Emily Soldene, give a series of farewell performances at the Lyceum, previous to their departure for America, commencing to-night with Offenbach's comic opera *The Grand Duchess*, produced under the personal superintendence of M. Jolly of the Brussels Company, and Miss Emily Soldene, the latter sustaining the principal rôle, and supported by Miss Clara Vesey, Messrs. Rosenthal, Beverley, J. D. Stoyle, Rouse Marshall, and other members of Mr. Morton's old Philharmonic Company; and the Princess's reopens under the direction of Mr. F. B. Chatterton, who has engaged Mr. B. Webster for four weeks, previous to his farewell tour in the provinces. Mr. Webster appears to-night in his great Adelphi part of 'Richard Pride,' in Boucicault's favourite drama of *Janet Pride*, and will be supported by Mr. George Belmore, Mrs. Alfred Mellon and an excellent company.

The Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden commence next Saturday, the 8th inst., for the second time under the management of the brothers, A. and S. Gatti, who first entered into this enterprise last year, and were so successful. M. Hervé, of *Chilperic*, and *Petit Faust* renown is to be *chef d'orchestre*. Sir Julius Benedict will conduct on some of the classical evenings, and the celebrated composer of dance-music, Herr Kéla-Béla, has been engaged to conduct, in the course of the season, some of

his newest waltzes and other compositions. The orchestra will be greatly superior to that of last year; it will comprise seventy-five instrumentalists, all, with the exception of about a dozen, selected from the two Italian operas. The vocalists, with whom engagements have already been made, include Mdlle. Bianchi of the Royal Italian opera, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. Pearson, and Mr. Carlton. Among the many novelties to be produced during the season, will be an entirely new symphony-cantata, dedicated, by permission, to Sir Garnet Wolseley, and entitled, *The Ashantee War*, for four solo voices, chorus and orchestra, written and composed expressly for these concerts by M. Hervé, and translated into English by Mr. Alfred Thompson.

Dramatic performances have been resumed at the Crystal Palace, and alternate with the English versions of Italian operas. On Wednesday last, *The School for Scandal* was represented, supported by Mr. Creswick as 'Joseph Surface,' Mr. Wyndham as 'Charles Surface,' Mr. W. H. Stephens as 'Sir Peter,' Mr. Atkins as 'Sir Oliver,' Mrs. Fairfax as 'Lady Teazle,' Miss Hazleton as 'Maria,' and Mrs. Stirling as 'Mrs. Candour.' Sheridan's comedy will be repeated on Wednesday next. The operas given during the week, have been *Faust* and *Dinorah*, and to-day, for the benefit of Miss Blanche Cole, Flotow's *Martha* will be represented, for the first and only time this season.

Madame Gilland Card, whose magical and mesmeric illusions attracted some notice upwards of twelve months ago, has returned to London, and reopened her entertainment at the Berner's Hall, the small saloon of the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The entertainment, as now presented, is divided into three parts, the first consisting of jugglery and sleight-of-hand feats, in the manipulation of which Madame Card rivals in dexterity the best professors of the art. The next part of the entertainment is sustained by Mr. F. Abney, who gives some comic scenes and humorous delineations of character, and then follows the mesmeric portion of Madame Card's share of the performance. The entertainment is interesting and amusing throughout, and promises a renewal of the success of last year.

### Provincial.

**CORK.**—THEATRE ROYAL (proprietor, Mr. R. C. Burke).—Mr. Sefton's company concluded their stay of twelve nights on Saturday. The performances all through were most creditable, and speak highly for the talent of each member of the corps. Miss Rose Leclerc especially distinguished herself in *Pygmalion and Galatea*, and the *Palace of Truth*; and on Friday night, the occasion of her benefit, achieved a triumphant success. On the 3rd inst., Mr. Alfred Younge's *Heart's Delight* company commenced a season of twelve nights; and the other prospective arrangements include Mr. R. W. Younge's Company, for six nights, commencing Nov. 16th; and Mr. Barry Sullivan, with Mr. J. F. Warden's Belfast company, will perform for twelve nights, commencing Nov. 30th.

**MUNSTER HALL** (proprietors, Messrs. MacCarthy and Lealnan).—The alterations and additions to the above fine Hall, by which it will be adapted for theatrical purposes, as well as for concerts, &c., are progressing rapidly, and it is expected will be complete for the opening night, Sept. 8th, on which occasion, Mr. George Perren's English Opera company will appear.

**EDINBURGH.**—THEATRE ROYAL (Lessee, Mr. R. H. Wyndham).—Good houses have assembled during the week to witness the performance of Byron's burlesque, *Mazourka*, "re-written, modernised, and localised by Charles Horsman, Esq.," which summary process has resulted in depriving the piece of all its sparkle and "go," making "confusion worse confounded." After an absence of three years, Miss Marie Rhodes has revisited the scene of her early triumphs, which, we are sorry to say, have received no addition by her "Mazourka," a rôle that does not give her opportunity for the display of even the slightest histrionic ability. It is a pity to see a lady whose 'Ophelia' was of the highest order, filling such an idiotic burlesque part as that assigned to her for the last week. Mr. Archer's "get up" as the 'Countess' was capital; and (with the exceptions of Miss Rhodes, who sang several songs with taste, and a total absence of music-hall vulgarity, and Mr. Hilbert, whose 'Pirouette' was a first-rate performance) he showed that he was about the only member of the company who had carefully studied his part. We trust Miss Rhodes will give us something better next week, as *Mazourka* has proved a decided failure.

**ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE** (Lessee, Mr. A. D. Mc Neill).—'Twixt Axe and Crown has been the *pièce de résistance* at this little theatre for the last six nights, with Mr. and Mrs. Rousby as the two chief characters, 'Elizabeth' and 'Gardiner.' The literary merits of the drama are of a very high order, abounding with passages of great poetical beauty and force. The part of 'Gardiner' was well-fitted for the display of Mr. Rousby's great ability; his rendering of the part of the deep-scheming bishop, was characterised by dignity, high-breding, and exceeding deliberation. The leading figure in the play was, of course, Mrs. Rousby as 'Elizabeth,' a combination of true womanly love and passion and stately grace. Sufficient to say that she looked "every inch a queen;" throwing herself into her arduous work with energy and goodwill, which have met with the hearty appreciation of large audiences. Next week there is to be a revival, by Mr. Flockton's company, of Albery's *Two Roses*, a favourite piece with Edinburgh playgoers.

An extraordinary musical exhibition was given during the week by the ladies of two of our largest Edinburgh schools, which boast nearly two thousand pupils. The orchestra of the Music Hall was a perfect "garden of girls," their bright faces and gay dresses forming a very pretty picture for the audience. The renderings of the songs "Com' è gentil" and "Ah! che la morte," were wonderfully effective, while among the instrumental pieces, a notable success was the overture to *Il Barbiere*, arranged as a grand trio, and performed by twenty-four young ladies, playing simultaneously at eight pianos! But for the magnificent volume of sound, the precision with which the ladies played would have induced us to believe that a single performer was at the piano. Among the pieces played at eight pianos, were Haydn's Symphony, Letter V.; Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 2, No. 2; Chopin's Polonaise in A major (Halle's favourite); the overtures to *Dichter und Bauer* and *Masaniello*; Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique;" Brahms' "Hungarian dances" (which are frequently played by Madame Norman-Néruda), and others too numerous to mention, all of which were given in a masterly manner, showing careful training on the part of their teachers.

**EXETER.**—THEATRE ROYAL (Lessee, Mr. Neebe).—On Monday, Byron's comedy, *Cyril's Success* was produced here for the first time. Mr. David Fisher played his original character, 'Major Treherne,' and gave a very finished picture of a cool man of the world. Mr. Beecher made his first appearance as 'Cyril Cuthbert,' and with Miss Leicester (Mrs. Cuthbert), gained the greatest applause of the evening. Mrs. Sennett was very amusing as 'Miss Gramott,' the man-hater, while Mr. Honey as her long lost husband, 'Pincher,' was received by the audience with laughter and applause. Mr. Astley rather overacted the part of 'Titeboy,' whom the author certainly never intended to be made into a lisping fool. The minor parts were very well filled, and the piece was capital put on the stage.

The performances concluded with Mr. Fisher's farce, *Music hath Charms*, in which he played the principal part.

**GREAT YARMOUTH.**—THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. Howard Paul and a talented concert company, appeared for the first four evenings of the week, and were very fairly patronised. The company comprise Mr. Paul, Miss Rose Montague, Miss Marian May, Miss Letty Rudge, a clever juvenile danseuse, and Miss Nelly Ford, who is an able pianiste. Mr. Paul appeared with every success in his well-known impersonations of 'Captain Pink,' 'when George the Third was king,' 'Willie Spooner,' 'Major Greenbacks,' and 'Staley Mildew.' Miss Montague deserves a word for her able rendering of Bishop's "Tell me my Heart;" and Miss May gained an encore for "Silver Herrings."

**LEICESTER.**—THEATRE ROYAL.—Closed till September, when it will be reopened for the winter season, Mr. Galer has determined to

give us the very best talent, and judging by his first season of ten months just concluded, we may confidently take him at his word.

The Forester's held their annual fête, last Monday, on some ground on Belgrave Road. Notwithstanding that an excellent programme was put forth, the attendance was small, and the principal feature—a balloon ascent by Mr. Youens—was prevented from being seen through the incessant rain, which poured down during the evening.

**LIVERPOOL.**—ALEXANDRA THEATRE.—The re-appearance in Liverpool of Mr. J. K. Emmet, and for the first time upon this stage, completely packed the house on Monday evening, and during his stay, houses, full to overflowing, are sure to be recorded, as he has fixed himself as a prime favourite in Liverpool. Wretched, though the play of *Fritz* is, it is heartily accepted as the vehicle for Mr. Emmet's versatile performances, which create a perfect *furore* nightly. He remains another week, and will probably produce Mr. Byron's play of *Max* to conclude his so prosperous engagement.

**THEATRE ROYAL.**—The old-fashioned heavy drama of *Pauline, or a Night of Terror*, supplemented by a capital ballet, has afforded very satisfactory fare here; and considerable interest is being excited by the announcement of an early visit from Mr. G. W. Anson, the Olympic comedian, whose high talents were chiefly fostered on the Liverpool stage. He will produce two new pieces during his fortnight's sojourn.

**PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.**—Mr. Sidney's capital drama of *Neal O'Neil*, followed by the localised *Ixion* (running its third week revised), and the farce of *The Wandering Minstrels*, have composed a programme strong enough to compete fairly with the special attractions at rival houses. Robertson's *Caste* company perform next week, and will be followed by the production, by the regular company here, of a new and original burlesque of *The Talisman*, by Mr. J. F. McArdle.

**ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.**—Mr. Fairlie, with the *Vert-Vert* company, from the St. James's Theatre, have commenced a short term here, and drawn fair houses. The bright music and showy costumes have commended the piece, which in construction and dialogue is one of the most weak and flimsy of its class, but there has been but one opinion, and that a very decided one, on the unhealthy tone of the libretto; the openly gross allusions, and the outrageous effrontery of the "Ripaille" dance, which is but the *Can-can* intensified in all its pronounced features. Mdlle. Savelli and Mdlle. Camille Dubois, though often straining their voices out of tune, render the music with considerable vigour, and make some of the sprightly choruses go capitally, but the rest of the company prove to be almost entire nonentities. The piece will draw here, but will not please or satisfy.

**ROTUNDA THEATRE.**—*Black-Eyed Susan* is running a successful second week here, and is to be supplanted on Monday next by *The Lady of Lyons*, the run of which will close the exceptionally prosperous season, the house being then closed for alterations and the enlargement necessitated by the great crowds nightly attracted throughout the dramatic season.

**MANCHESTER.**—THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. Wilson Barretts company still occupies this theatre. Last week they produced 'W. S. Gilbert's Charity,' but after the fourth night it was withdrawn, and *East Lynne* has since been the chief distinction.

**PRINCE'S.**—If the merit of dramatic works were measured by the frequency of their production, *La Fille de Madame Angot* might claim a right to the first rank. Five different companies have performed it in Manchester at various times, and the latest, the Philharmonic, is now playing to crowded houses at the Prince's Theatre. But the interest of the present engagement centres in Miss Julia Matthews, who is regarded as the prima donna of opera-bouffe. Her reception on Monday night was of an unusually demonstrative kind, but her performance as 'Mademoiselle Lange,' sufficiently proved that the esteem of her admirers is not misplaced. Of the performers none made any impression, except the 'Alcazar Dancers,' whose *can-can* gave so much delight that it was demanded again.

**QUEEN'S.**—Mr. Craven Robertson's company have appeared this week with considerable success in *Caste*, *School*, and *Ours*. Next week a season of English operas will be commenced, with a very powerful company, under the direction of Mr. George Perrin.

**SHEFFIELD.**—THEATRE ROYAL.—This house has been closed, during the present week, and we understand that it is about to change hands. For next week we are promised Miss Selina Dolaro and her version of *La Fille de Madame Angot*.

**THE ALEXANDRA.**—Mr. W. Tullock, an old Sheffield favourite, opened here on Monday, and plays nightly in conjunction with Miss Eliza Thorne. The *Black Doctor* was performed on Monday and Tuesday evenings, Mr. Tullock appearing as 'Fabrian,' and Miss Thorne as 'Pauline.' *The Stranger* and *The Lady of Lyons* have also been played during the week. *A Thumping Legacy*, in which Mr. Mat. Robson appears, being the afterpiece.

**ST. AUSTELL.**—The Imperial London Clown Cricketers visited this town on Monday and Tuesday, under the management of Mr. R. V. Banfield. Fourteen Clowns against Sixteen Cornish Gentlemen, a most splendid game of cricket was played, but ended in a draw, the Cornish having the best of it; over 3000 people were present each day, and hundreds were turned away from the concert held at the Assembly Rooms, the Brothers De Vola were the principal artists, and were truly wonderful in their trapeze performance.

**ASSEMBLY ROOMS.**—Matthews Brothers, Christy Minstrels, better known as C.C.C., gave an entertainment here, under the management of Mr. R. V. Barfield. The audience was delighted with the troupe, and acknowledges it to be the best that had visited this town for many years.

**GUINNETT'S CIRCUS** visited this town, and had a tremendous house, it was crowded in all parts, the entertainment was exceedingly good.

A MONSTER vocal and military concert will take place at the Royal Albert Hall on Monday next, the Bank Holiday, when a host of leading artistes will appear, including Mr. Sims Reeves, who will sing for the first time in public, the Irish song "Molly Bawn," "Macgregors' Gathering," and the "Rose" song, written originally for him.

The concert at the St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon for the benefit of the French actors of Messrs. Valnay and Pitron's Company realised £170, the dramatic performance at the Opera Comique on the previous Wednesday for the same benevolent object, yielded £130.

THEIR Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Lady Suffield and Major-Gen. Probyn, honoured the Court Theatre with their presence on the closing night of the season on Saturday last.

MISS KATE SANTLEY terminates her engagement at the Alhambra this week, and proceeds on a tour through the provinces, accompanied by a well selected operatic troupe, to represent a new opera comique, written and composed expressly for her by Mr. R. Reece and Mr. Frederic Clay, under the title of *Cattarina*.

MISS LOTTIE MONTAL, a prima donna from Australia, makes her first appearance at the Alhambra next Monday.

MR. J. L. TOOLE landed at New York on Sunday last.

THE Haymarket reopens for a short season on the 22nd inst., under the direction of Mdlle. Beatrice, for the production of the English version of *Le Sphinx*, in which Mdlle. Louie Moodie is specially engaged to sustain the rôle of 'Bertha.'

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN, it is said, has been engaged by Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer, of New York, to perform in America for 150 nights, at £60 per night, and £30 additional for each matinée he appears at.

THE *School for Scandal* reached its hundredth night of representation at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, on Wednesday last. The Season terminates next week.

*Girofle-Girofia*, which was to have been represented for the last time to night, at the Opera Comique, will be continued every evening next week—after which it is probable that a few more representations of *La Fille de Madame Angot* will be given in the original, and with the original cast by the Brussels company.



"WHALEBONE."

## FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.

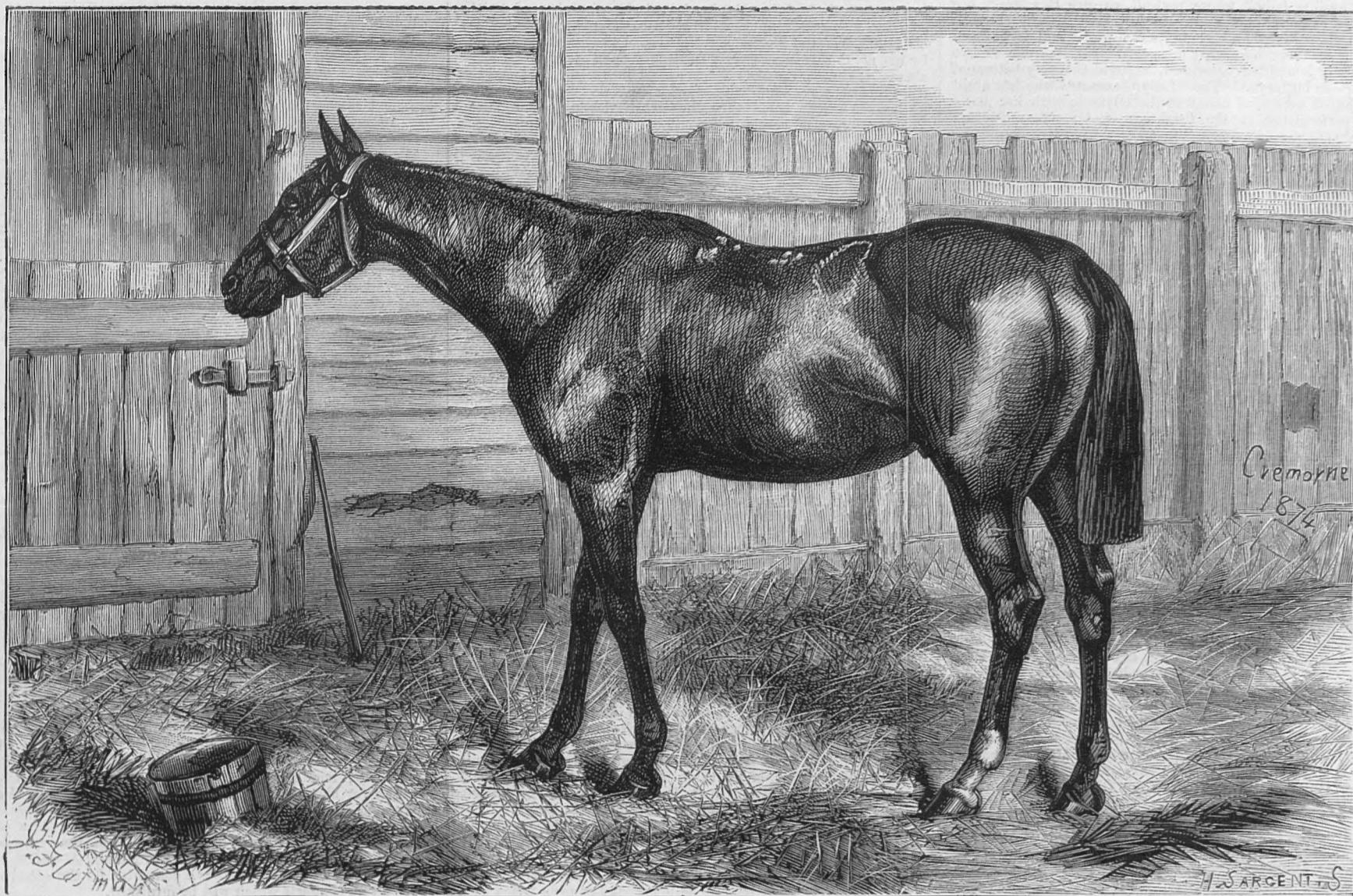
## No. XVII.—WHALEBONE.

WHALEBONE, by Waxy out of Penelope by Trumpator, belongs to that old school of sires which we are perpetually falling in with during our examination of the remoter branches of pedigree trees. The value of the Waxy blood has been admitted on all hands; but breeding authorities have agreed to differ somewhat widely in their ideas of its permutations and combinations. It has been held as a corrective to other weaker strains, though some have held that its preponderance is undesirable, and have attributed all sorts of shortcomings to its undue prevalence in a pedigree table. "Blacklock on Waxy" has been the battle-cry of a certain division, but we cannot see they have thoroughly proved their cases, though there may be instances of the successful fusion of the two bloods. The fact is that in animals containing such an admixture of blood, as in the present day, almost any theory can be started and sustained, and it is amusing to watch the ingenious twisting and torturing of facts to support the assertions of contending factions. The Waxy blood finds a place in most pedigrees of any distinction, and its fountain-head represents not unworthily the ancient and redoubtable line of the Darley Arabian. In the days of Whalebone and his brother Whisker, the Northern and Southern breeds were kept very distinct, and the latter was the first of the Southern cracks who was sent North, and pitched his tent near Catterick. Whalebone can claim the sireship of those two "Derby dogs," Lapdog and Spaniel, and his Caroline won one of Lord Egremont's many Oaks races; but his name is not found in St. Leger chronicles, in which his brother comes to the fore to save the family reputation with Memnon and The Colonel, that memorable dead-heater with Cadland for the Derby of 1828. The Duke of Grafton was wont to say, "Let us find the horses and then we'll talk about the jockey," and Penelope and Waxy furnished him with a worthy pair in Whalebone and Whisker.

Short legs, high bred nostrils, and very prominent eyes were the principal trade-marks of the Waxy stock, and the mottled brown Whalebone was the smallest amongst them. The standard could never make him more than fifteen and half an inch, and as he did not seem likely to become fashionable, he was sold at seven for 510 guineas. His old Petworth groom enthusiastically said of him, "He was the lowest, the longest, and most double-jointed horse, with the best legs—eight and a half below the knee—and worst feet I ever saw in my life." The latter were contracted and high on the heel, and became so Chinese boot-like and full of fever at last that he never moved out of his box. The Earl of Egremont tried to train him after he bought him with Octavius at Mr. Ladbrooke's sale, but he never ran, and his principal occupation in training was to rear and knock his hoofs together like a pair of castanets; a freak which once cost him three tumbles in a day. His hunters were good, and mostly bays and browns, and Myrrha and Sir Hercules were the last of his racing line. He was ten years at Petworth, but he did not seem to have created much private veneration. No enthusiast helped to rob him of his tail, and the kennel copper and the knacker claimed every hair. It was the Canopus mare which twice over hit to Whalebone with Lapdog and Spaniel. The Druid says, "Whalebone was as shabby to the eye as old Prunella herself. He had rather a Turkish pony look, and was broad and strong, with a shortish neck. His own feet grew very pumiced, and his mares lost their speed early. Unlike Whisker, it is on his sons that he has to rely; and Camel, Waverley, Sir Hercules, Defence and Stumps, in each of whom respectively his blood has united with Selim, Sir Peter, Wanderer, Rubens, and Delphini, have proved quite as elastic as his name." The Stumps mares have long since been but a memory even at Sledmere, formerly quite an arsenal of the grey clan. The line of Defence has waxed less in numbers and in fame, and must trust to its mares, from which Taurus, and the Danebury names of Old England, Andover, and Pyrrhus the First sprang. Waverley begat Don John and the Saddler, and

thence we descend by rapid strides from the gloom of the past to the brightness of our day, reflected in Sir Hercules, Birdcatcher, The Baron, Stockwell, and Rataplan. Waxy, the sire of Whalebone, was by the famous Pot8os out of Maria, by Herod. Pot8os was got by Eclipse, and was a chestnut of the same shade as his sire. The story went that it was originally intended to call him "Potatoes," and the idea struck one of the lads as so ludicrous, when Lord Abingdon first told his trainer of it in the stable, that he burst out laughing. His lordship good-humouredly took up a piece of chalk, and said, "I'll give you a crown, my boy, if you can spell the word on the corn-bin." He wrote the "Pot-8-os" accordingly, and the lad's version was latterly adopted. Waxy, the idol of his trainer Robson's heart, was a very beautiful, one-eyed, lengthy style of horse, with a great deal of the Arab in his look. His quality was superb, and with him, so to speak, it came in the highest degree to English blood stock. He in his turn was put to Penelope by Trumpator, and this union of the Darley, Byerley, and Godolphin strains, was crowned by Whalebone's birth in 1808, at Euston Paddocks. In looking over the Stud records of antiquity, it must strike every one interested in the subject, how the "cracks" of those days differed from our Blair Athols and Gladiateurs in height and size. Is there not some moral to be drawn from this, and is it certain that the present development of the thoroughbred is as favourable to our racing requirements, as optimists would lead us to suppose? The only consolation is, that we cannot go much further, and it is notorious that the surpassing of the 16 hands standard has not given us better stayers, even if it has furnished us with a "Prince of the T.Y.C."

HEREFORD RACES.—This popular meeting will take place on Thursday and Friday, September 10 and 11, the two days immediately following Warwick. Mr. W. R. Holman, of Cheltenham, will officiate as clerk of the course.



"CREMORNE."

## CREMORNE.

CREMORNE, bred by his owner Mr. Savile in 1869, is by Parmesan out of Rigolboche. Parmesan by Sweetmeat (by Gladiator) out of Gruyere by Verulam (son of Lottery) out of Jennala by Touchstone, dam Emma by Whisker, was a fair race-horse at all distances, but being a mere pony, could not be expected to hold his own against the cracks of the period, though his performances are far above mediocrity. Attention was at first attracted to him by his sireship of D'Estournel, one of the most speedy and savage horses of his day, and who is reported to have devoured a kitten in one of the paroxysms of his fury. Favonius and Cremorne have, however, been his great cards, and he has thoroughly established his reputation for getting stayers. Rigolboche, dam of Cremorne, was but an indifferent performer herself, being only able to get placed in third class company during her two-year-old career in 1863, after which her name does not appear in the calendar of races past. Got by Rataplan out of Skirmisher's dam, she was first mated with Prime Minister, and subsequently with Lord of the Isles, but with no other result than a couple of platers. Nor was Mabille, Cremorne's elder sister, much of an improvement upon her predecessors, and it was left for the subject of our sketch to make his dam's name famous in the realms of sport. The Rataplan mares are coming into prominent notice now that Mandragora has thrown an Oaks winner to Adventurer, and Mahala's name has been rendered immortal by the reputation of the flying Chopette. Battaglia, Chamade, and others have also made their mark at the Stud, and we cannot imagine a better cross for the rather coarse Rataplan blood than with the "quality" line of Sweetmeat, whose descendants are now doing their best to perpetuate a strain heretofore too much neglected, and which has fought its way to the front by sheer merit, and without the assistance of interested fuglemen.

Mr. Savile's ventures on the Turf has not been remarkable for any long series of successes, such as have attended the fortunes of Whitewall or Russley, but his racing career has been characterized by the highest honour, and guided by the most straightforward principles. He has borne his successes, which have been few in comparison with his lavish support of the Turf, both modestly and becomingly; while on the other hand, he has shown both pluck and patience under adverse circumstances, which would have caused the retirement from the Turf of many a less ardent sportsman. If Cremorne has been a well deserved triumph, and Kaiser a moderate success, D'Estournel, Ryshworth, and Ripponden have shown waywardness enough to break the heart of all but an enthusiast in the cause of sport. Like a good general, however, Mr. Savile has not changed his ground with every slight reverse. He has not laid innate infirmities in horseflesh to the account of others, and has stood by Gilbert and Maidment, in spite of many failures, because he believed they were doing their best for him, and because he could realise the truth of the old adage, that "everything comes round in time to him who can wait." Always content with horses of his own breeding, he has not thought it necessary to indulge in expensive purchases round the sale-ring, and his reward has been in the triumph of the Rufford blood. His is one of the few jackets which the public follows with the certainty of a straight run, and no "hanky-panky" betting transactions. It is a feather in Gilbert's cap to be able to boast that his system of training has produced genuine stayers, in these days of "Princes of the T.Y.C.;" it is not every jockey who can claim to have passed through the fiery ordeal of a Turf career, like Maidment, unscathed, untainted by even a breath of suspicion. The triumvirate of owner, trainer, and jockey are well worthy of the confidence they command; and an example of what can be effected,

in an atmosphere of suspicion and mistrust, by those qualities of straightforwardness, honesty, and fidelity which each possesses to the utmost in his degree.

Cremorne "opened in May" with a winning score in the Newmarket Two-year-old Plate, but his opponents were thought so little of that they only offered a shade of odds on him for the Woodcote at Epsom, a race which has furnished so many Derby favourites, but never a winner of the Blue Riband until Cremorne was the first to salute Judge Clark in the succeeding year. Landmark, Winslow, and Laburnum had all to sing small to the son of Parmesan, who disposed of Bethnal Green and others quite as easily in the Fourth Ascot Biennial. So gallantly did he accomplish this task, that in the Nineteenth Triennial, Peristera was his only opponent, and the wings of this dove were very soon clipped, as our hero won by ten lengths. In the rich Hurstbourne he could only just hold Nuneham at 3lb, but he made nothing of his 7lb penalty in the Chesterfield, disposing of Meteor, Bertram, and others in a canter, and firmly establishing himself at the head of the Derby quotations. By the time York came round, his summer's work had begun to tell upon him, and he went down very sore and stale to the post for the Biennial, in which Indian Princess ran him to a head. The same afternoon Onslow, then in capital form, and, without doubt, a first-class two-year-old, beat him rather cleverly in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, though the verdict was only a neck in favour of Mr. Morgan's horse. This defeat made bookmakers anxious to field against him at Doncaster, but Bethnal Green did not trouble him much, nor did his 7lb extra stop him over the six furlong Thursday race, though Xanthus had a cut at him in the Morgan interest. In the Criterion he could only get third to Prince Charlie and Nuneham, but the 3lb extra told upon him after his two-year-old labours, and he sadly wanted rest. He wintered well, and though all sorts of rumours were rife about him in the spring, he lived it all down, started a good second favourite in the Two Thousand Guineas, and running as straight as a line and game as a pebble, was only beaten a neck. No one cared to oppose him for the Newmarket Stakes, and on the day of days at Epsom, he had ample revenge on the roaring Prince of the T.Y.C., and landed for Mr. Savile his first Derby, with Pell Mell and Queen's Messenger as runners up. At Ascot he went through the formality of securing the Biennial and Triennial, which he had placed to his owner's account in the preceding year; and walking over for a stake at York, he rather astonished the Northerners by giving weight and a four lengths beating to their much vaunted King Lud. A stone was almost too much to ask him to present to a brilliant though uncertain customer in Laburnum over the Ditch In at Newmarket, but King Lud was behind him once more, and he settled the pretensions of Khedive very satisfactorily in the Newmarket Derby, thus winding up the year in a blaze of triumph. In 1873, he started first favourite for the City and Suburban, with 9st 2lb to carry, but the five-year-old Mornington with 17lb less, was too much for him at last, though many blamed Maidment for not coming sooner with him. At Ascot, after walking over for his Triennial, he put the seal on his Derby victory by an eight lengths victory in the Gold Cup, over such animals as Flageolet, Thorn, Revigny, Hannah, and Corisande, and so hopeless was it considered to start anything against him for the Alexandra Plate, that only Vanderdecken could be found to undertake the forlorn hope, and a fifteen lengths defeat rewarded his temerity. The last chapter in Cremorne's history is hardly so brilliant, for he was brought out a "splendid cripple," along with his relative Favonius, to contest the Goodwood Cup against the wiry Gaul he had so easily

defeated at Ascot. The erring leg went at last, and Cremorne had to "walk in," contrary to his usual custom, at the wrong end, and thenceforth his Turf doom was sealed. Maidment rode him in all his races, and no gamier animal or more reliable runner ever swept over Newmarket Heath. Cremorne is a rich bay horse with black points and the near hind leg white to within a couple of inches above the fetlock. He has a good, honest, generous head, but with more of the Rataplan than the Sweetmeat style about it, being rather coarse in the jowl and with anything but a "pint pot" nose. His neck is rather short, and slightly inclined to be of the ewe formation, and his shoulders seem to run up into it too far, though not short in themselves, nor badly laid, but a trifle inclining towards the heavy. His withers are low, and back remarkably strong and straight, ending in very fine "square" quarters, with a thin tail well set on. Cremorne has plenty of depth through, and is well ribbed up, his middle piece being quite a model, while his arms and thighs are proportionately if not prodigally muscular. He has capital legs and feet, on which he stands very square and true, and is a vigorous and easy mover in all his paces. He stands about 15 hands 3 inches high, and is one of tight, wiry, and level order rather than a commanding animal. In short, the more you pick him to pieces, the better you like him, though his forehead is disappointing at first sight, and there is an absence of the very highest quality about him. To the Stud he will be a great acquisition, and we anticipate a brilliant career for both him and Favonius, both of whom have the famous Pocahontas blood on the dam's side, through Rataplan and King Tom. Parmesan and Macaroni have both been decided successes, and the defunct Saccharometer showed what clever stock he could get during his brief career as a Father of the English Stud. At any rate, the Sweetmeat blood looks like lasting, and its value and importance no one can call in question who has bestowed a moment's consideration on breeding topics. Cremorne will more than fill Skirmisher's place at Rufford, and with Kaiser to follow in due time (though we hope the day of his departure from the Turf may be far distant), Mr. Savile need be under no anxiety as to a plentiful supply of stayers to fill the boxes at the Nunnery, under Gilbert's care, and to find employment for Maidment in the yellow jacket and red cap we have all learnt to follow so confidently.

INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH IN AMERICA.—Next September a picked team of the best six shots in Great Britain, who carried off the Elcho Challenge Shield last year, will come to America for the purpose of shooting a match at Creedmoor, for the Championship of the World, with native-born Americans, at long ranges—800, 900, and 1000 yards. The general impression seems to be that our marksmen have a poor prospect of winning, long-range shooting being practised comparatively little in this country; but it is suggested that we have in the hunters of the West a corps of sharpshooters from whom long range marksmen worthy of any competitors could be obtained with a little trouble. The terms of the match debar all artificial rests, but allow any position of the body. With conditions so favourable to our frontiersmen, there is no good reason to anticipate an American defeat, especially if adequate means are taken to spread the news of the approaching contest among the hunters and scouts through the military posts of the West—*Boston (U.S.) Advertiser*, July 7.

BANK HOLIDAY.—We have to remind our readers that next Monday, August 3rd, will be a Bank Holiday, in accordance with Sir John Lubbock's Act. Tattersall's and the London Clubs will be open as usual.

## MISS ADA CAVENDISH.

THE "leading lady" whose portrait we give this week, has succeeded during the ten years she has been on the stage in winning a place in public esteem, that may be said to be from every point of view thoroughly deserved. She, like one or two of her more or less gifted sisterhood, began at the very bottom of the ladder—in burlesque. The 'Lady Clancarty' who last night deeply affected a crowded house at the Olympic with her really pathetic performance in the third act of Mr. Tom Taylor's sterling drama was, in 1864, the 'Venus' in Mr. Burnand's laughable burlesque of *Ixion*. It will suffice to mention this, and the fact that she played 'Selina Squeers' in the *Pirates of Putney*, together with the more ambitious part of 'Superba' in *Rumpelstiltskin*, to show that her range has been of the widest. Not that Miss Cavendish made much of a hit in burlesque. The eccentric humour and mad fun of Mr. Burnand were at any rate out of harmony with her genius, and in those distant dramatic days Mr. Gilbert had yet to create fairy comedy. Abandoning burlesque—and the Royalty Theatre—Miss Cavendish, with manifestly ripening powers, played other and more ambitious parts, with the decided approval of a more exacting public. Her forte soon developed itself. In *Home* at the Haymarket, and *Dearer than Life*, at the Gaiety, she found congenial parts, the playing of which considerably advanced her reputation. If less round and rich in style than Miss Lydia Foote (comparisons are odious, but this we must be forgiven), she exhibited as much intensity as that singularly neglected lady, and undoubtedly displayed other qualities, nearly as remarkable, that were entirely her own. A certain hardness of manner, which she possibly may never lose, was less manifest in each succeeding impersonation, and although her most enthusiastic admirers rightly hesitated according her a high place amongst the queens of comedy, they were shrewd in predicting for her a large measure of solid success in the impersonation of the more serious heroines of the modern drama. Then, as now—although now in a modified sense—the acting of Miss Cavendish was essentially *metallic*. But, thanks to an "infinite capacity to take pains," which, if it be not genius, is the best substitute therefor, she succeeded, especially during her management of the Olympic—which commenced in the autumn of 1872—in toning down her most conspicuously rigid mannerisms, and in *The New Magdalen* fairly took the town. The play was clever, but unpleasant; but there was real power in it, and Miss Cavendish's creation stood forward a distinctly interesting effort of the first class. If she had never played anything else we would have been compelled to include her in a very limited group of actresses capable of displaying the higher and deeper qualities of her art in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. In this general review of Miss Cavendish's career it is unnecessary to do more than notice in passing, that during her season as manageress of the Globe *Maggie Dorme*, Dr. Westland Marston's *Put to the Test*, and, for her benefit, *Romeo and Juliet*, were produced, as well as the play we have mentioned. Miss Cavendish is not 'Juliet,' but who of the present race of English actresses is?

It was our pleasing duty to call attention to her most admirable creation—'Lady Clancarty,' when the admirable play of that name was produced at the Olympic. Our first impressions of the many excellencies of the impersonation, have since been abundantly confirmed. We are still of opinion that it is from first to last her most perfect effort. The few flashes of gaiety with which the author has enlivened the part, are given with unaffected grace, and the power and pathos which she throws into her portion of the third act, betray an amount of ability which the public scarcely gave her credit for. There is a touch of grandeur, if not of actual greatness, in the way she pleads with a flinty-hearted brother for her husband's life, which in these days of dramatic dearth is elevating to witness. Miss Cavendish has probably reached the zenith of her fame, but it is a fame that has been legitimately earned—a high position that she has every right to be proud of. Our portrait is copied from a photograph published by the Stereoscopic Company.

## Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

## THE OPERA SEASON.

THE Opera Season of 1874 has been comparatively short, but under the modern system of giving nightly performances towards the latter half of the season, the number of representations has been large. Only one actual novelty has been produced, viz.: *Il Talismano*, Balfe's posthumous opera, and the performances both at the Royal Italian Opera, and Her Majesty's Opera, have consisted of repetitions and revivals. We are used to this. Season succeeds season, without the least improvement. The managers are aware that something is expected from them; and they recognise the fact, by making concessions to propriety, in the shape of those announcements of musical novelties, which are annually inserted in their prospectuses; but their promises have been so often broken, that they are now regarded with only a languid curiosity; and no one thinks of expressing indignation when they prove to have been fallacious. There are many reasons why a better state of things should be inaugurated, but there are some excuses to be made for managers; and it may be advantageous to look at both sides of the question.

In London operatic art is but feebly represented; although two opera houses are able to exist, and although the greatest operatic singers of the world are to be heard there during the season. Mere repetitions of standard operas, although in themselves desirable, ought not to be the sole characteristic of our opera seasons, and yet we have little else. In Paris, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and even Cairo (to say nothing of Italian towns), fresh operas are produced every year; while in London the production of an entirely new opera is a remarkable event, and we are only too happy if we are favoured with an opportunity of hearing some opera which has been performed for many years in foreign capitals. Wagner's *Lohengrin* is a work which ought to be heard here, but it is denied to us; although it has been played all over the continent of Europe, and has even been produced in America. Of Verdi's *Aida* the same may be said, and there are other modern operas which we have also a right to demand from the two great operatic establishments which annually absorb hundreds of thousands sterling in the shape of subscriptions and admission money.

Art must always be receding or advancing. It is not enough to contemplate established models; it is desirable to give a fair and candid reception to novelties, and to acknowledge any good qualities they may exhibit. There is always sufficient conservatism in human nature to avert the risk of sudden and hasty changes in matters of art; and the history of Music, as of every other art, will show that it is by almost imperceptible transitions we have arrived at our present stage of progress. To be contented with familiar blessings, to resign ourselves to continual repetitions of well-known works, and to feel indifferent as to the production of new works which would enable us to estimate the

condition and prospects of contemporary art, would be not only to discourage progress, but to take a backward movement. There is a great deal of philosophy in the rebuke administered to the courtier, who said he could willingly dine off partridges every day of his life, but who became heartily sick of them when compelled by his royal master, for forty successive days, to dine off them alone. "Toujours perdrix!" has passed into a proverb; and the most conscientious admirer of standard models may be excused if he become a little bored when they are everlastingly reproduced. The production of new works would not necessarily imperil the respect at present paid to classic masterpieces; and the latter would probably gain by comparison. One advantage connected with the production of original works would be the awakening of mental activity. When new forms of art are presented, discussion is inevitable; the principles of art, and the canons of criticism are brought into prominence, and the standard of taste is elevated. At present, criticism is necessarily confined (so far as operatic music is concerned) to technical matters, and musical progress has ceased.

Why does this state of things exist, and why do not managers give us entirely fresh operas in the course of every season? To say that "it would not pay!" would by most persons be deemed a sufficient answer; but who will prove that "it would not pay!" The deserved failure of such stuff as *Gelmina* proves nothing in the face of the brilliant success made by *Il Talismano*, albeit, that the latter is by no means a favourable specimen of Balfe's genius. The proper answer to the question would be "it might not pay!" The risk would be heavy, the expense inevitably great, and failure disastrous. Our operatic managers, unlike their continental brethren, work without the aid of those state subventions, which facilitate the production of original works; and cannot afford to run the risks which amateur critics implore them to undertake; much as the bystanders at a street combat urge the weakest boy to "go in and win!" serenely conscious that none of the blows will fall on themselves. That our operatic managers do so little to promote the progress of art, can hardly excite astonishment, however much the fact may be deplored.

The "star system," has long been injurious to art, and seems likely to become prejudicial to managers. The "star" artist's weekly salary, exceeds the entire receipts of one night's performance, debars the manager from engaging many excellent artists of the second rank, and leaves him so little profit for himself, that he is afraid to risk the production of new works. When the "star" appears in the operatic firmament, the wise men who love music, come from the east, and the other points of the compass, and worship. The house is full; and the "star," who knows very well how empty the house is on the "off-nights," when she does not appear, can point triumphantly to the crowded assemblage, and say "You have no right to complain of my salary! The value of a thing is what it will bring. I bring you a full house, and have a right to my £200, because I draw it, and more, whenever I sing!" The manager, however, has to average his nightly receipts, and probably begins to perceive that if he could dispense with "stars," he might, with reasonably good company, secure larger profits than he makes now. Then why does he not dispense with his "star" artist? Alas, because he must fight on even terms with the rival *entrepreneur* across the way; who is as sick of the "star system" as himself; and because he will risk suicide for the sake of attempting murder.

It is this managerial competition which hinders the progress of operatic art; each manager thinking it necessary to engage double the number of singers he really requires, for the sake of preventing his rival from engaging them;—and each reproducing more operas than can be properly rehearsed. With an expensive company to pay, the manager must seek to attract the public by a constant succession of novelties; and so little time can be given to rehearsals that it is amazing the performances should be so satisfactory as they generally are. At Her Majesty's Opera, with one conductor (Sir Michael Costa), nineteen operas have been produced this season, at the Royal Italian Opera, with two conductors (Signori Vianesi and Bevignani) thirty one! It is true that at both houses the operas produced have mostly been repetitions of tolerably well-known works; still, rehearsals have been necessary; and it is only they who know the details of operatic management who can estimate the enormous exertions which have been made.

There have been two additions to the *répertoire* of each company. The chief musical event of the season at Drury Lane was the production of *Il Talismano*, Balfe's posthumous opera;—or rather the Italian version made by Signor Zaffira of the original work, written by Mr. Arthur Mathison, and composed by Balfe. We have already expatiated on the work, when first produced. It adds nothing to the development of art, but as a novelty—and above all a novelty rendered attractive by the name of Balfe—it was welcome. It is pleasant to record the fact that it was the most attractive opera during the season; and such a result may encourage further efforts in the same direction. At the same house, Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne* was produced for the first time—of course, in an Italian version; and although by no means well performed, it became successful, through the charming vocalisation of a *débutante*, Mlle. Singelli. At Covent Garden, *Mignon*, by Ambroise Thomas, was produced, with Mlle. Albani as the heroine, and became one of the attractions of the season. Verdi's gloomy and repulsive opera, *Luisa Miller*, was also performed; and was a *quasi* novelty; as sixteen years had elapsed since its previous performance. The superb singing and acting of Adelina Patti imparted interest to the performance, but *Luisa Miller* is too full of horrors to become permanently popular. To recapitulate the long list of operas which have been reproduced during the season, all of them having been already noticed in these columns at the time they were performed, is quite unnecessary, and we have already said that the manner in which they were performed was, under the circumstances, wonderfully good.

Most of the favourite vocalists of former seasons revisited us, and several aspirants arrived. Of these the most successful was Signor Marini, a *tenore robusto*, possessing excellent vocal powers, highly cultivated. Signor Bolis, another *tenore robusto*, also made a good impression; and Signor Piazza, a *tenore leggiere*, exhibited such cultivated taste, in combination with a voice of remarkably sweet and sympathetic quality, that he rapidly gained favour. Mlle. Bianchi, a very youthful soprano, made a decided success in the rôle of 'Oscar' (Ballo in Maschera), and Mlle. Heilbronn a still greater as 'Violetta' in *La Traviata*. These were the successful *débuts* at Covent Garden; of the failures it is not necessary to speak.

At Her Majesty's Opera a highly successful *début* was made by Mlle. Singelli, who is likely to prove a permanent attraction. Signor Gillandi, a tenor *débutant*, and Mr. Julius Perkins, a new *basso profondo*, made favourable impressions by the fine quality of their voices, and will be welcome next year. M. Achard, the Parisian tenor, made a moderate success; and Herr Conrad Behrens, a German basso, disappointed popular expectations. Signor Galassi, who possesses a fine voice, which he does not know how to use, and Signor Catalani, who knows how to use a fine voice, but does not possess one, proved themselves capable of reaching a respectable mediocrity. Mr. George Bentham had good chances, but he made small success. He has a fine tenor

voice, but it sadly needs cultivation. Several other artistes came out—and went in again. They are not likely to trouble us again, so we will draw a charitable veil over their names.

It will be seen that the past opera season has been almost barren of artistic results. We have glanced at some of the causes which hinder the progress of operatic art; we have examined the proceedings of our operatic managers in a candid, but at the same time friendly spirit; and it only remains for us to express a hope that next season may inaugurate a happier state of things, and that the artistic stagnation which is now our disgrace, may be exchanged for intellectual activity.

## Musical Notes.

NEXT week we shall notice the Crystal Palace English Opera performances, in connection with the subject of English Opera generally.

The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts will this season be characterised by an excellence which has not been introduced for many years. We have been favoured with a sight of the engagement list, which includes an array of our most eminent instrumentalists, the *élite* of the two opera bands. On the opening night, Saturday, August, 8th, a Grand Dramatic Symphony entitled "The Ashantee War" will be produced. The original words, as well as the music, are by M. Hervé, the well-known composer of the popular *Chilperic*, *L'Œil Crevé*, &c., the English version by Mr. Alfred Thompson. The vocal solos will be sung by Mlle. Bianchi (the Princess Saffron), Mr. Pearson (a young bard), Mr. Lewis Thomas (King Coffee Callelli), and Mr. Carlton (the governor of Cape Coast Castle), and for the choruses a select body of chorists have been trained by Signor Lago, chorus master of the Royal Italian Opera. The symphony is in three parts, the first being devoted to Cape Coast Castle, the second to the banks of the Prah, the third to Coomassie, and the victorious return of our troops to England. On the same evening Mlle. Benati will make her *début* in England. This young lady has gained a high reputation at St. Petersburg, Moscow, and other places abroad, and was announced to sing at Her Majesty's Opera, but never appeared. She is said to be an excellent artiste.

Among the singers with whom engagements have been made, or are pending, are Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mrs. Patey, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Blanche Cole, and Miss Rose Hersee, (who is to sing a scena composed expressly for her by M. Hervé) also MM. Vernon Rigby, Lloyd, Patey, Garcia, Foli, &c. The famous violinist, Henri Wineacowski, Mr. J. T. Carrodus, and M. Viotti Collins will contribute violin *soli*; the violoncello will be represented by Mr. Edward Howell, and (probably) MM. Paque, Van Biene, and Piatti; and amongst the long list of artists engaged (or about to be) will be found the names of Madame Norman Neruda, Mr. Charles Hallé, and Mr. Levy. The decorations, by Messrs. Dawes and Caney, will surpass those of last year, the ventilation will be complete; and the refreshment buffets will be under the management of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti, whose renown as *restaurateurs* is a guarantee for the excellence of the creature comforts which will be furnished.

Miss Hodson re-opens the Royalty in October.

THE next novelty at the Strand will be a new comedy by Mr. H. J. Byron, entitled *Old Sailors*—a companion to his previous comedy *Old Soldiers*, which was so successful here. Mr. Byron is also preparing a comedy for the reopening of the Criterion, a drama for Mr. Emmett the American actor, and a comic opera for the Alhambra—why doesn't he try and create a Yankee character for Mr. Robson, one of the excellent American actors, now playing in *Led Astray* at the Gaiety?

AFTER an absence of six years MISS LYDIA THOMPSON returns once more to England. Her sojourn during that long period has been spent in America with almost unparalleled success, and she comes back laden with greenbacks, and bearing the highest opinions of our country cousins. Last season was supposed to be her farewell tour, and was so announced; but previous to her departure, she received the honour of a special request, signed by nearly every theatrical manager in the United States, to return and play one more season, and this she has consented to do, opening in Philadelphia about the 1st of April next, and making a complete tour through America and California, occupying 14 consecutive months. This arrangement will allow Miss Thompson to play, in the meantime, a brief engagement in London, and it is understood that Charing Cross Theatre has been secured for that purpose. Many of the most popular members of the company, that have shared the honours of success with Miss Thompson in America, will also appear, and several important engagements have been made. The season will commence early in September, and the opening performance will be a three act *Palais Royal Comedy*, by F. C. Burnand, and a Burlesque by H. B. Farnie. The reins will be held by that old and popular Liverpool manager Mr. Alexander Henderson; it will be needless to predict a success under such brilliant auspices. Mr. Lionel Brough is specially engaged by Mr. Alexander Henderson to support Miss Lydia Thompson at the Charing Cross Theatre in September next.

It has been suggested by some person, that as fashions change, and the old style of things die out, the ladies when making their betting speculations on the forthcoming races should alter the monotony of Gloves, and bet for something as useful and at the same time elegant, and capable of showing great taste on the part of the gentlemen bettors: now instead of a box of gloves we suggest that a morocco case or fancy inlaid Box of Piesse and Lubin's Jockey Club or Opopanax or any other perfume such as we have seen would be a more lasting prize after a great race, and serve to recall reminiscences of past pleasure.

FROM the remotest periods of antiquity, silver has been an elegant and esteemed ornament of the banquet table. The festal halls of the kings of Babylon and the monarchs of Egypt glittered with vessels of silver and gold. The palaces of Rome and the luxurious villas of Pompeii were adorned with urns and cups of silver. We are not acquainted with the mode in which they retained the brilliancy of these household treasures. Nor have we discovered until very recently the best means of preserving and improving the bright and smooth surface of our silver plate. The honour of the discovery rests with Mr. Propert, of 22, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square, who has certainly succeeded in producing a powder of extraordinary efficacy, for bestowing a dazzling lustre on the surface of silver and electro-silver plate.—*Civil Service Gazette*.—[ADVT.]

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—The Law of Life.—The present is a fitting opportunity for drawing attention to the few points on which health hinges. All impurities must be expelled from the system immediately their presence is discovered. Wear and tear must be compensated by suitable food, which, when thoroughly digested, enriches the blood with its nutritive elements, and by this means incites every organ throughout the body to its natural activity; rouses every muscle to its normal strength; confers tone on every vessel, energy on every nerve. The alternative virtues exerted by Holloway's purifying Pills exactly meet these requirements, and they further exercise distinctive and peculiar powers in steadyng the nerves and regulating the circulation.—[ADVT.]

MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.—"We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps & Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Euston Road, London."—See article in *Cassell's Household Guide*.—[ADVT.]

LIEBIG'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF does not require cooking or warming. It is in the form of a foreign liqueur; is composed of beef, brandy, and tonics. Sold by grocers and wine merchants as a high-class cordial or liqueur, and by druggists, as a superior nutritive tonic. Wholesale consignees, G. Gordon & Co., Italian warehousemen, 77, West Nile-street, Glasgow.—[ADVT.]

## THE STAGE AND TURF IN FRANCE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday, July 29.

SEVERAL English sporting journals appear just now to be somewhat despondent in regard to the prospects of the Turf at home, but their murmurs and complaints are nothing in comparison with those *Le Sport*, *Le Derby*, *Le Jockey*, and other organs of the French racing world, are continually laying before their readers in reference to the unsatisfactory condition of the Turf in France. This year's Longchamps, and Chantilly Spring and Summer Meetings, were, it will be recollectec, exceptionally bad. Premier Mai, whose praises the "oracles" unanimously sung, proved a disastrous failure in the Prix du Jockey Club, and Saltarelle, whose hard won victory in the Gallic Derby immediately lifted him into exaggerated celebrity, was easily defeated in the Grand Prix by tiny Trent, who ran but indifferently at Epsom. On any occasion of the least importance this year, when English and French horses have been placed in presence together, the latter have signally, and almost invariably failed to hold their own. Take another example, the Grand National-Steeple Chase at Auteuil: everyone will recollect how irresistibly and completely Miss Hungerford triumphed over all her French rivals. The same unsatisfactory signs—unsatisfactory for our Gallic neighbours *bien entendu*—showed themselves in all the recent provincial meetings. Whenever, as was occasionally the case, an English horse made his appearance on the course, his triumph was considered an absolute certainty, and the result of the race usually ratified the first impression.

At the present moment, the Betting question is quite as much on the *ordre du jour* over here as in England; whenever the Assembly has time to go into the matter, it intends, the papers say, to gratify us with a Betting act which will somewhat disturb the peace and quietude hitherto enjoyed by the numerous "Agencies" and "offices" of the Boulevard des Italiens, and the Rue de Choiseul. Meanwhile, there has been a judicial inquiry into the doings of certain Betting firms, and MM. Cheron and Oller have been examined by a magistrate with regard to the transactions of their *bureaux*. Their replies appear to have been satisfactory, but the intention of the authorities to control and restrain—if not to totally abolish—the rapidly spreading public pastime of betting is none the less fully maintained.

The Le Havre municipal council having refused this year to grant the subscription it has been in the habit of giving in support of the race meetings, annually held in that town in each July, the committee, which has hitherto organised the Havre *Réunion* has, by way of compensation, favoured us this week with some steeple-chases at La Marche. One set out in the midst of sunshine, but on arriving on the course, the rain was falling in torrents. The Prix de Roquencourt, value £72, for which nine horses started, was won by M. Stephane's filly, Bariolette, ridden by Diggles, who reached the winning-post half a length in advance of Mr. King's colt, Lapidaire. Ultor, who was the favourite, came to grief at the first hedge, throwing his jockey, Brindle, who broke a leg, and, is still, it appears in a very dangerous state. The Prix d'Été, value £100, which followed, fell to Mr. Vernon's Admiral—a winner by a length; the second place being occupied by M. Dijol's Bayard, and the third, by Baron Finot's Beaumanoir. The Prix du Voisinage, the third race, worth merely £54, was won by Mr. R. Hennessy's Quarteronne, ridden by Atkinson, while the Prix de Villeneuve—a hedge race, value £60 was secured by Count d'Evry's Ultor—a son of Flying Dutchman by the way—who having recovered from his accident in the Roquencourt Prize and being well mounted by Thorpe, reached the post a good length and a half in advance of Vicomte de Fay's filly Surprise. La Colonie who was first favourite came in with Ronceaux, a bad third.

Last Thursday we had races at Boulogne-sur-Mer and several hundred English people had crossed the channel expressly for the occasion. Genius, belonging to M. Moreau-Chasoin who ran in the Grand Prix, carried off the Grand Prix d'Encour agénien value £80, in competition with Fabuliste, and three other horses. Mr. Hawes' filly Marnestle easily beat Aurore in the second race—the Prix de la Société des Courses, worth a hundred guineas, Tarbes—a member of M. Ad. Fould's stable, who ran so badly at Chantilly last Spring—was fortunate enough to secure the Prix de Wimereux value, £88; that of the Administration des Haras, a handicap worth £120, falling to M. Lupins' Bohémond; the Prix de la Ville, a steeple-chase worth the same amount being gained by M. Persents' filly Hortentia. Among other recent provincial races, we may mention those at Morlaix, at Mont-de-Masan, at le Pin—where curiously enough Henry Jennings's representatives gained all five prizes—at Nancy—where Genius, fresh from his triumph at Boulogne, was beaten by a head by Bragance, and at Harfleur, where the Prix de la Société, was won by Iroquois, that of the Chemin de Fer, by Bacarolle II, and the hedge race by Duffer. I may mention here, that next summer, we are to have a race meeting at Vichy,—the fashionable inland watering place, which Napoleon III. did so much to set *à la mode*. The sum given away in prizes will amount to a couple of thousand pounds; subscribed by the Water Company, the Department, the Municipality, and the State.

I paid a visit to Chantilly the other day, and witnessed the two-year-olds galloping in the route du Connétable. MM. Hubert, Henri Delamarre, and M. Charles Laffitte, were present, passing their young thoroughbreds in review. Baron de Rothschild's, and M. Edouard Fould's colts disappeared, however, to me, to be the finest animals. Among their lots, I noticed, moreover, several *débutants* whom I should not be surprised to see victorious at the coming Deauville and Caen *Réunions*. Going over to La Morlaye, I saw several of Major Fridolin's horses, Macaron, Gibowski, and Solo, in capital condition; Turf—his finest thoroughbred—is prevented by an accident from taking part in any race this year. Returning to the station at noon, I came across four bewildered-looking *haras* inspectors, who, standing in the broiling sun, were attentively examining a dozen or fifteen *pur sang* stallions trotting up and down in front of them—among the finer animals, I noticed Sir Quid Pigtail, Sire, Tabac, and Hourvari. "Ces messieurs" did not however appear very satisfied, and having picked out two or three horses, took their departure.

"La Chasse" is closed, and we have at least another five weeks to wait before the ministerial and prefectorial edicts will go forth, authorizing eccentrically attired young Parisians to lounge through the leafy glades of the well-stocked woods, forests, and parks of "La belle Touraine" and pleasant rural Seine-et-Marne. As a rule these young gentlemen are more intent upon ogling the *gardes-chasses*' pretty daughters, than upon scouring the woods in search of sport, and nine times out of ten, the game filling their *carnassieres* on their return, has been surreptitiously purchased of poachers. En attendant their apparition, we are promised a wild boar hunt in the suburban forest of St. Germain-en-Laye. Five boars have escaped it would appear, from an ambulating wild beast show, and have been seriously annoying and terrifying, if not deliberately attacking sundry picnic parties in the wood. They are, therefore, to be hunted out and exterminated. Marshal Mac Mahon, who was asked to be present at the *battue*, is reported to have declined the invitation—pressing political affairs preventing

his attendance. The chief of the State possibly remembers and appreciates the maxim contained in the well-known couplet which concludes so significantly:

"C'est par un lapin qu'on commence  
C'est par le peuple qu'on finit!"

The proverbial Englishman—proverbial in France—who, on arriving in Paris in the height of the summer, was so astonished at the marvellous success of the comedy, *Rélaçche*, that not only were three-fourths of the theatres performing it, but it was never possible to obtain a seat even *au paradis* to witness it—a fitting companion, by the way, for his equally legendary compatriot, the gentleman who always wanted to take the omnibus to Complet—would be able to indulge in his customary bewilderment, were he to pay us a visit just now; for the terrible word, *Rélaçche*, which well-nigh drove him crazy, figures at present alike on the posters in front of the Odéon, the Vaudeville, the Variétés, the Bouffes, the Renaissance, the Folies Dramatiques, the Ambigu, the Château d'Eau, the Ménus Plaisirs, and the Folies Marigny. The troupes of the capital are stirring in the provinces or abroad—only seven of the leading Paris theatres still giving performances. *Orphée aux Enfers* still figures on the Gaité playbills—it has now been performed well-nigh 180 times—and we are promised for the 12th of August a new ballet, and numerous modifications. Maestro Offenbach has been to Milan, and has succeeded in detaching from La Scala, Signora Roselli, the *première danseuse* of that celebrated Italian theatre, besides engaging an innumerable number of *secondes-danseuses*, *coryphées*, and *dames de ballet*. The new act of *Orphée*, to be inaugurated in a fortnight, will comprise ten tableaux, most of them all passing at the bottom of the sea, and including a dance of fishes, a polka of sea-horses, a *pas de quatre* of *danseuses* representing various marine plants, the birth of Amphitrite, and a grand apotheosis entitled the Triumph of Neptune. The music will be entirely new, and the scenery, due to MM. Fromont and Godin, together with the costumes designed by Grevin's facile pencil, promise to be most gorgeous and effective.

Offenbach is really indefatigable. He has just completed a new opera comique, entitled *Madame l'Archiduc*, destined to the Bouffes, and when *Orphée* has completed its triumphant career, the maestro will probably perform at the Gaité Sardou's *Officier de Fortune*. The hermit of Marly has just finished another work entitled *Gemma*, and this also we are assured Offenbach is keeping in reserve. Another work of Sardou's—the *Prés St. Gervais*—is being set to music by Lecocq, of *Madame Angot* celebrity. Dumas fils has arranged with the Sociétaires of the Theatre Francais for the performance of his *Demi-Monde*, which will be played this coming winter, to be followed very possibly by another of his comedies—the *Fils Naturel*. It is thus that the first theatre in France acts in regard to the very pieces which the Lord Chamberlain recently interdicted in London. Dumas fils is reported to be hard at work on another comedy, also destined to the Comédie Française, and which is said to be a kind of *Barbier de Séville* modernised. Among coming novelties at the theatre of the Rue Richelieu, I may signal M. Henri Bormer's *Comte Amaury*, the chief parts in which will be played by MM. Maubant 'Charlemagne,' Mounet Sully 'Gerald,' Dupont Vernon 'Amaury,' and Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt 'Berthe.' M. Dupont Vernon, for whose *débuts* the Théâtre Francais recently gave a brilliant performance of *Polyeucte*, with Mdlle. Favart in the rôle of 'Pauline,' is a young tragedian of merit, whose manner is infinitely preferable to that of over boisterous and excessively emphatic M. Mounet Sully.

The Variétés will re-open with the *Mormons de Paris*, and *Chignon d'Or*—the latter an inspiration of the fertile author of *Girofle-Girofle*. At the Renaissance we are to have *La Famille Trouillat*, by MM. Cremieux Bhem and Vasseur—a very *décolleté* opera bouffe, the scene of which is laid in 1720—and which on account of its manifest indecency is not likely ever to be performed in England. The chief masculine rôle will be held by M. Paulin-Menier while the heroine of the piece is to be Mdlle. Thésara of *Femme à barbe!* celebrity. Jules Verne's novel *Le Tour du Monde* has been dramatized by M. Guimy the author of the *Deux-Orphelines*. It is to be shortly performed at the Porte St. Martin. It comprises no less than fifteen tableaux, marvellously executed, and transporting the beholder in imagination all round the globe. The chief parts are to be thus distributed.

MM. Dumaine, 'Archibald Corsidal,' Lacressounnière, 'Philéas Fogg,' Taillaire, Fix, 'the detective,' Alexandre, 'Passe-Partout,' Mdlle. Angèle Moreau, 'Aoüda.'

A final novelty is announced at the Château d'Eau. It is called *Le Treizien Coup de minuit*. Paul Favat, I may add, has just sold to M. Mikaelis of New York, a grand drama in five acts entitled *Richelieu*, of which he has reserved the right of performance in Paris until after Jan 1, 1875.

The customary annual musical and dramatic concours have taken place this week at the *Conservatoire*. There were a large number of competitors but the performances with one or two exceptions were decidedly below the average.

## THE RACE JUDGE.

THEY still do some things better in France than elsewhere; but it is a question whether the remark will apply to the affairs of the racecourse. People who read the accounts given of races run in France must, unless they belong to the initiated, be surprised now and then to see it announced that the Marquis de Chose or the Duc de Je-ne-sais-quoi "officiated as judge," or "as starter;" and they may fancy that those noblemen, having suffered reverses of fortune, are glad to turn their knowledge of the turf to account by doing odd jobs, and so turning an honest penny. But injustice would be done to the noble officiators, who give their services gratuitously. In fact, in France all the officials of the turf are generally, if not invariably, unpaid. In England we, as becomes our national character, consider that he who receives pay incurs additional responsibility as well as liability; and that if you would be well served there is nothing like engaging somebody whose bread will depend upon his faithful service. Therefore we give salaries to such officials of the turf as are not, from their high position and the personal interest they have in the maintenance of authority, discipline, and integrity, likely to be sufficiently swayed by other considerations. For, the French to the contrary notwithstanding, it must surely appear to ordinary beings pretty clear that in matters which require above all things experience and habituation, it is better to have professionals, who will make a special line their daily vocation, than amateurs, who may one day be willing to serve and another unwilling, and of whom there may on some particular occasion be such a dearth as to create a dead-lock. Some say that an amateur is more bound by honour than a professional is wont to be; but, even if the statement be not open to challenge, it can be said, on the other hand, that there is less delicacy felt about inquiring into the conduct of a paid than of an unpaid official, and that complaints which in the latter case would be only muttered, and perhaps never be satisfactorily investigated, are, in the latter, uttered with freedom and loudness, and, if well founded, meet with the proper amount of attention. And if it be urged that there is no appeal against the decision of the judge, yet there is nothing much more certain than that a judge,

who, by the common consent, gave a decision that could only be accounted for on fraudulent grounds, would only lose both his post and his character. And that is about as heavy security as reasonable creatures can require from one whose duties are performed before the eyes of tens of thousands. So we are content to have a judge without a handle to his name, and to pay him. And verily he earns his pay. He may not have so much of that sheer worry that must sometimes make the "starter" wish that one man-child the less had been born into the world; and yet the task of the judge, though performed in the twinkling of an eye, requires no common faculties, and may entail no small discomfort. It needs the eye of a hawk and continual practice to know at a glance a particular horse, a particular rider, a particular combination of colours, especially when, as often happens, two or more riders wear almost the same colours, and may, at the last moment, have their "mounts" changed. Besides, not only does the judge have to designate the winner, he is expected also to "place" at least two others; and authority declares that, should he omit to fulfil that expectation, those who had backed certain horses for a "place" could not, though the animals they backed came in indisputably second and third, be admitted to have won their money. The judge, moreover, is bound to exhibit more than ordinary nerve, decision, and indifference to clamour; for, should the race be a close thing between a public favourite and an outsider, he is pretty certain, whatever his decision may be, to have anathemas and accusations hurled at his head by scores of men and brethren who have not learned to bear disappointment in silence or to put a bridle upon their tongues. He may, if the finish be uncommonly close, get out of his difficulty by declaring a dead heat; and in this respect, perhaps, the English judge has the advantage of the French, for in France an absurd practice prevails of proclaiming a horse to have won by a *noe*, which is unknown in England as a measure of victory. Yet it may be urged, on the other hand, that the shorter the distance by which a victory may be legitimately won, the greater is the chance that a declared dead heat was not legitimately so declared. The judge, again, must during the race and especially at the end of it keep his ears as impenetrably closed to sound and suggestion as those of the Odyssaeans to the song of the Sirens; else, when it comes to be a near thing, the shouts of those whose wishes are fathers to their thoughts and utterances may cause his attention to wander, and even affect his senses. And whoever has attempted, from front or rear or either side, to follow, in such places as are open to the public, the course of a well-contested race, and to name, after a neck-and-neck struggle, the absolute winner, will acknowledge that such eye-witness is extremely delusive, and will come to the conclusion that the judge, and nobody else, can be relied upon for the exact truth. It is difficult to describe upon paper the arrangements made to render him, if only he be a man of the necessary ability and probity, all but infallible. Suffice it to say that, in the absence of miracles his eye cannot fail to fall directly upon the winning-post and catch the very first glimpse of the winner's head as it shoots past between him and the goal. Whether a mistake is ever made about the actual winner at our ordinary meetings nowadays may well be doubted for all that grumblers mutter and for all the strong language with which it was at the time asserted that Barbarian won the Derby in 1852; but, so far as the horses "placed" are concerned, memory seems to recall several cases of temporary and speedily rectified errors, and one in particular, when, if it be fair to trust in mere remembrance of what happened twelve years ago, Rapide Rhone was for some minutes supplanted by a horse called Clarior, or some such name, as third in the race for the Derby. A curious instance is reported as having occurred at one of the Australian race-meetings last May, when a handicap was supposed to have done so much credit to its framer that four horses ran a dead heat for the first place. Howbeit a horse had really won by half a length, but had come up so close to the judge's box that that important functionary did not observe him.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

MR. GARRET MOORE.—This gentleman has recently won the principal race at the Münster (Westphalia) Meeting, on Prince Hadzfeldt's Stella, by Knight of Kars out of Black Cotton. It will be remembered that Mr. Moore won the Grand Stand Plate at Cork on this mare, in September, 1871, beating New Oswestry, after a capital race.

BARBILLON and Fair Agnes have been struck out of the French Omnium.

DEAUVILLE MEETING.—This important pigeon shooting meeting is to be held on August 10, 12, 13, and 15, the principal features of each day being respectively the Poule d'Essai, the Grand Prix de Deauville, the Handicap, and the Prix de Consolation. Entries are to be made by August 10 to M. Demètre, Secretary, Cercle de Deauville.

WENLOCK RACES.—The stewards of these races are Lord Cardross, Capt. F. Bridgeman, Col. Corbett, M.P., C. H. Howard, Esq., and C. B. C. Pemberton, Esq.

THE STEEPEL-CHASE FORFEIT LIST published in the *Racing Calendar* of July 23 gives the names of some 250 horses in default of sums varying from one sovereign to 50 sovs. during the years 1872-3-4.

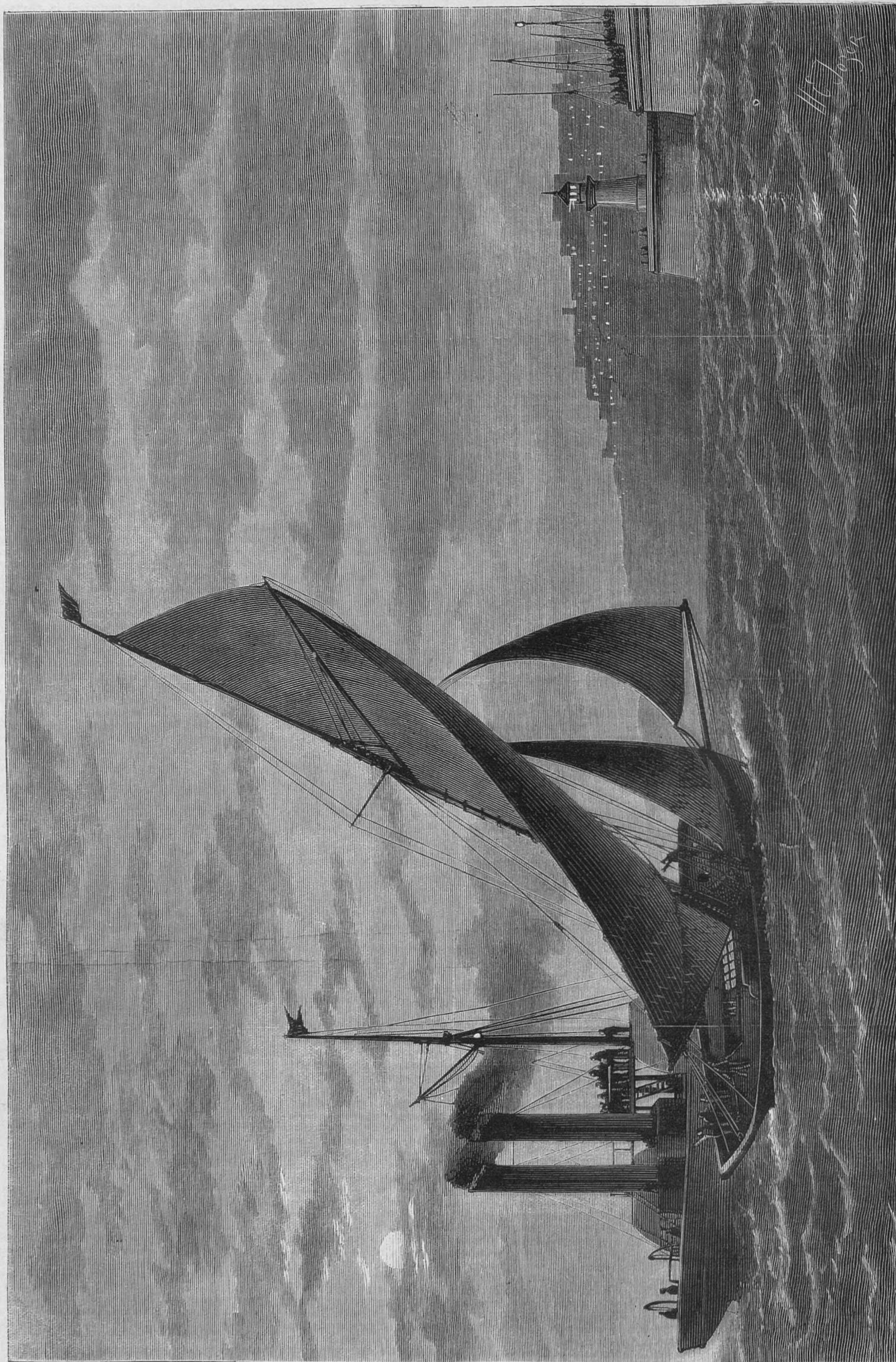
THE GRAND PRIX DE PARIS for 1876 has closed with 287 subscribers, being an increase of 62 over the number for 1875 (225), and of 41 over that in 1871, when the largest hitherto number (246) animals were entered.

WEST HARTLEPOOL AND GREATHAM RACES.—This meeting was held on Monday, July 27. There was a large attendance, but the weather was showery. Mr. Devereux's Rather Slow, ridden by J. Bell, won the Licensed Victuallers' Plate, the Atlantic Stakes, and the Greatham Handicap Hurdle Race, whilst Mr. Devereux's Cerito also secured a Handicap Pony Race, for ponies under 14 hands.

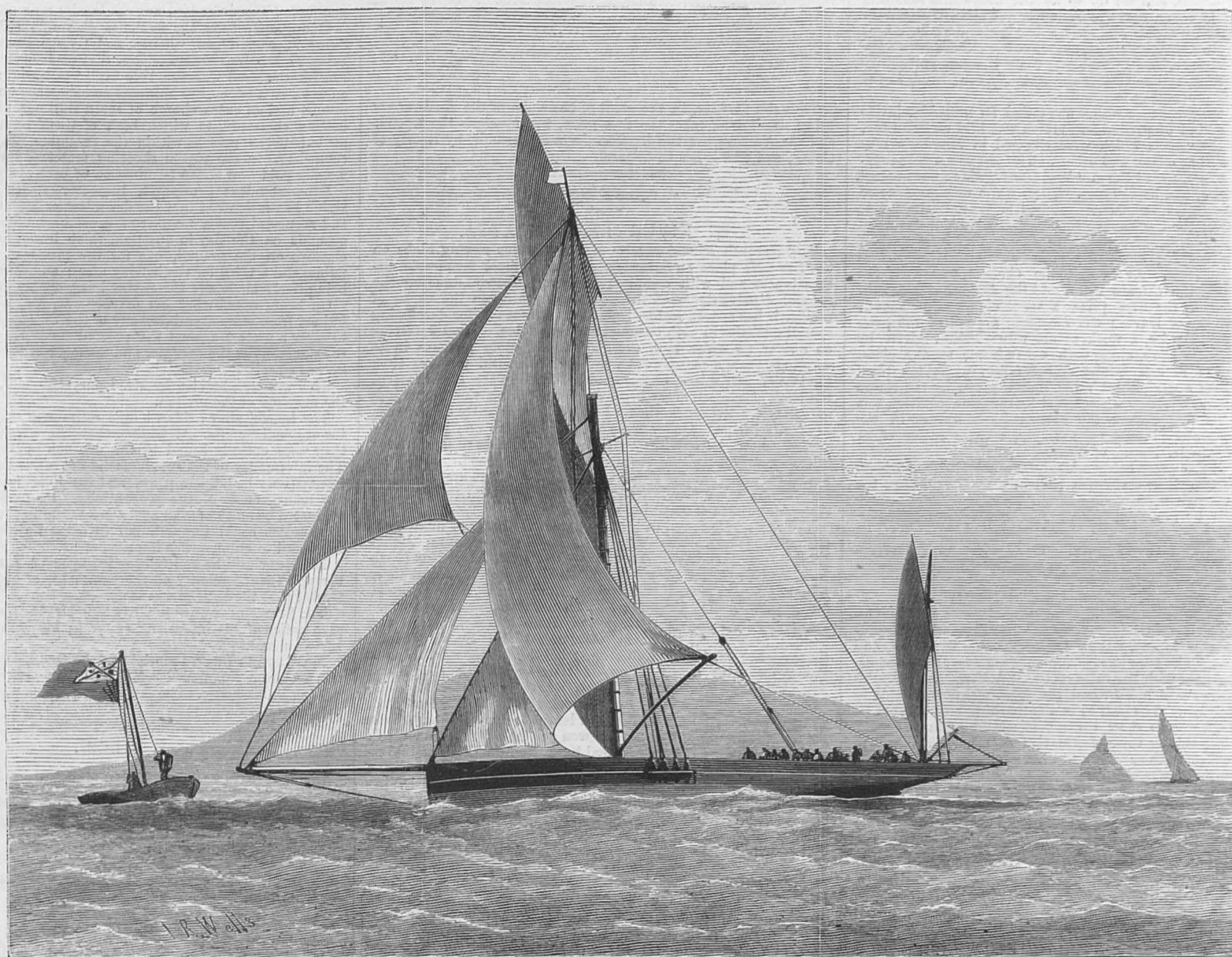
MEOPHAM RACES will be held on Monday, September 21.

THE two-year-old colt by Liddington out of Aline has been named Waresley.

SPORTING MATCHES AT CORK PARK.—Two private matches were run on Monday over the Cork Park race-course. The weather was inclement, and both races were run under a drenching downpour. In the first match, which was for £100 a-side, three-quarters of a mile, Mr. Graves's Old Acquaintance and Mr. Morris's Robin colt were the competitors, both being ridden by their owners. The horses were somewhat restive at the starting-post, and when the flag was lowered Old Acquaintance at once started away, and had gone fully ten lengths ahead before Robin colt got under way. On entering the straight Mr. Morris made an effort to pull up lost ground, and only partially succeeded, Mr. Graves winning in a canter. After the race Mr. Morris took a canter round the course, and crossing the road at the next end the horse shied at the paling and swerved, throwing the rider heavily. Mr. Morris was quickly picked up, but although he was considerably hurt about the back, he was not seriously injured. In the next Mr. Conran's Hurricane was pitted against Mr. Ashe's Shelmartin, three miles on the flat. Shelmartin, who was largely backed at long odds, made a waiting race until within the last half-mile, when he got on even terms, and both raced well, bat, contrary to all expectation, Hurricane drew away at the finish, and won cleverly by three lengths.



THE CHANNEL MATCH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' YACHT CLUB—THE CUTTER YACHT 'STORM' WINNING AT RAMSGATE.



THE 'CORISANDE' (140 TONS) WINNING THE 100 GUINEA PRIZE AT KINGSTOWN REGATTA, DUBLIN BAY, JULY 17TH.

## Yachting.

\*\* We shall be glad to receive communications from gentlemen connected with the various Yacht Clubs, and others, on the subject of Yachting.

### PRINCE OF WALES' YACHT CLUB.

The Subscription Handicap Match of this club was sailed on Saturday last, from Gravesend to Ramsgate. The weather was most beautiful in the day, but towards evening turned bitterly cold, a smart breeze blowing from the west. That the club is in a very prosperous condition was evinced by the entry being the largest that any club has obtained this year, no less than 20 vessels entering, and 16 starting, which are as appended:—

Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Ganymede	yawl	20	Mr. W. H. Williams.
Aquiline	schooner	59	Mr. G. Lemuson.
L'Erie	cutter	10	Major Lemon.
Aveyron	"	15	Mr. E. Packard.
Eveleen	"	18	Mr. E. Fox.
Snowdrop	"	18	Mr. F. W. Fairbrass.
Emmett	yawl	30	Mr. A. E. Brown.
Mabel	cutter	5	Mr. H. A. Leverett.
Violet	schooner	13	Mr. H. B. Knight.
Snowfleck	yawl	23	Messrs. Smeet and Trego.
Latona	cutter	22	Mr. G. E. Wood.
Storm	"	36	Mr. A. H. Brown.
Beryl	"	20	Mr. T. Addison.
Zephyr	"	21	Mr. J. D. Chillingworth.
Dione	"	12	Mr. T. Field.
Hebe	"	10	Mr. R. Asper.
Adele	"	5	Mr. H. Fox.
Virago	"	6	Mr. L. Moore.
Surge	"	14	Rear Commodore.
Bella Donna	"	34	Vice Commodore.

Of these, the *Beryl*, *Virago*, *Mabel*, and *Aveyron*, did not start. Course: To the northward of the Nore sand and east and west Spaniard buoys, outside Longnose buoy, and through Old Cudl Channel, crossing the line of bearing from Ramsgate East Pier-head to the Gull Stream light. Each yacht to tow or carry a boat, and have usual sea-going fittings. Crew limited to one hand for every five tons or part thereof, exclusive of pilot, owner, and friends. No balloon canvas to be used—only mainsail, fore-sail, jib, and topsail. Each yacht to be in charge of a member of the club to which it belongs, and the race open to any recognised yacht club.

The start was to be a flying one, which, for the information of the uninitiated, signifies that a line shall be taken between two fixed objects, over which the competitors, after cruising about, cross at a signal given by the officer in command. Ordinarily, we believe, time allowance is only given to those who pass this mark within five minutes, but the above-mentioned club, with an idea, we presume, of being fair to all, did not make this restriction, hence, those who drifted over first (there being no wind) in the morning, instead of being on nearly level terms in the evening with the last over, had to allow in many cases half an hour, with a strong wind blowing, which shows that reform is necessary, besides entailing on those in authority a stupendous task in calculating; the club being greatly indebted to Mr. H. Babbage, for working the task out.

At 7 a.m. the steam tug *Douro*, with the officers of the club, a few members, the Press, and our special artist on board, went to the starting point, a little below the Lobster, but it was not until

six minutes past eight that the Commodore, Mr. Cecil Long, was able to get them in anything like position, and the line was crossed in the following times and order:—

	H. M. S.
Zephyr	8 6 0
Emmett	8 6 40
Snowdrop	8 7 5
Surge	8 7 35
Bella Donna	8 8 20
Hebe	8 9 25
Dione	8 9 50
Aquiline	8 22 20
Eveleen	8 25 20
Snowfleck	8 29 30
Violet	8 30 50
Ganymede	8 32 20
Adele	8 36 30
Latona	8 41 10
L'Erie	8 42 50
Storm	8 43 10

Wind W.N.W. to N.W. and light, a very pretty sight presenting itself, the yachts all lying in a cluster. Entering the Lower Hope the wind had dropped to such an extent that no headway could be made, the flood tide having an hour to run, and in many instances kedges were dropped to prevent driving back, but Mr. Field's smart little *Dione*, favoured by occasional catspaws, was nimbly creeping on whilst others were standing still; and when fairly in the Lower Hope it fell a stark calm, and the rearmost vessels bringing down the last of the wind drew close upon the leaders. At the Chapman, which was abreast at 12.30, the wind came out easterly and fresh, and the *Surge* which was far astern, feeling it first came along beautifully, and picking up the foremost boats one by one became the second in the race, the *Snowdrop* leading by half-a-mile. The Nore was passed at 2 o'clock by Mr. Fairbrass's cutter a mile ahead of everything, a nice steady breeze blowing from the east, and likely to stand. The *Surge* and *Eveleen* were here making a stubborn struggle for second place, the former holding well on the latter's weather, but the big cutter ultimately shook her off and compelled her to go about, the *Eveleen* holding her course and on the second tack she weathered the *Rear Commodore's* craft and became second, with the *Zephyr* three parts of a mile astern fourth, the *Dione* fifth, with the *Storm*, *Bella Donna*, *Adele*, and *Latona* next in order, but a little further on the *Storm* changed places with the *Dione*.

The *Aquiline*, *Eveleen* and *Storm* took the Oase Deeps, but the other vessels preferred working through the four fathom channel. When the Reculvers was reached, the wind had gone round to the south, and the yachts literally flew down the Kent shore with sheets eased off. Those vessels which had taken the Prince's Channel, found a stronger wind there, for the Long Nose buoy was rounded by them considerably ahead of the *Snowdrop*, which was the leader up till the time of parting company. Meanwhile the *Bella Donna* had been sailing a fine and speedy race, and overhauling yacht after yacht, passed the last named object with a six minutes' pull over the *Surge*, but in the turn to windward, being of very small draught, she could not go so well, and in the lighter wind, the 14 tonner, the *Emmett*, *Zephyr*, *Dione*, and *Latona*, all passed her before reaching the goal. At the Foreland the wind was westerly, the *Storm* being well ahead, reaching in close-hauled, but the *Eveleen*, with a westerly puff, came down to windward of her, placing Mr. Fox's cutter, the weathermost vessel, off Broadstairs Knoll. Through the calm in the morning, the tide was lost, and the young flood had to be stemmed,

making it a somewhat tedious journey, and after a short and long leg Ramsgate was reached as under:—

	H. M. S.
Eveleen	9 1 40
Storm	9 28 0
Aquiline	9 43 0
Snowdrop	9 44 10
Surge	10 14 0
Emmett	10 29 30
Latona	10 35 0
Dione	10 35 40
Bella Donna	10 46 30
L'Erie	10 52 30
Hebe	10 57 20

The others were not timed.

After a due calculation of the handicap and the time allowance in the morning the *Storm* took the first prize, the *Eveleen* the second, and the *Snowdrop* the third. A capital idea was mooted of the 10 tonners next year finishing at Margate. There was a large assemblage on Ramsgate pier head to witness the finish, and the *Eveleen*, on going into the harbour, was immensely cheered, it being generally believed that the heir apparent was on board, the band playing "God bless the Prince of Wales," and "God save the Queen."

### THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL YACHT MATCH.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

ON BOARD THE S.S. ORNE, OFF SOUTHSEA, TUESDAY, 28th July, 10 A.M.

THE Great International Yacht Match from Havre de Grace to Southsea, which has just been decided in favour of the *Corinne*, at a few feet from where we are moored, coupled with the fifty miles race which she won at Havre on Saturday, proves her to be one of the fastest, although one of the unluckiest yachts in our fleet. It must not, however, be inferred because she has twice beaten the fastest American yacht at present in British waters, that she has settled the much vexed question, as to whether English or American yachts are the faster sailors. It has been asserted more than once in our daily and weekly newspapers, that the *Enchantress* is the champion yacht of America, and we gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to give that assertion the most positive denial. When M. Loubat purchased the *Enchantress*, of Mr. Lorillard, in 1873, she had proved herself, in American waters, to be remarkably fast. Last year, however, he took it into his head to have her lengthened and altered in various ways, by John White of Cowes, under the direction of her original modeller, Capt. Robert Fish, at a cost, it is stated, of some three to four thousand pounds, and, as may be supposed, she now presents a very different appearance to what she did when she was last seen in New York. Her masts, for example, are now very forward, and remarkably close together, and her mainsail is said to be the largest that has ever been seen on a yacht. We are, moreover, assured by Mr. Turner of the *Cetonia*, that the people who had the order for it had no room in their establishment large enough to make it in, and it consequently had to be sewn together in an adjoining field. Her stern, too, is the most peculiar looking thing that was ever seen in a yacht, being composed entirely of dead wood. This, to say the least, will certainly make her very weak when running before a heavy sea. Her owner very candidly informed us that his yacht would never stand a chance of winning a race unless there was a good breeze blowing at the time.

But to return to the question of the *Enchantress* being the champion American yacht; we have said that we gave this assertion the most positive denial, and we do so for the above and following reasons, the latter being, that she has never yet met the *Sappho* or the *Dreadnought* in a fair and open race; besides, we have very grave doubts as to whether she sails as fast now as she did before the alterations were made, and in that case there is every probability of her being beaten by the vessels she formerly conquered, in the event of her ever returning to America.

Previous to the great race which was sailed for from Monday to Tuesday last, a kind of preliminary match was held on Saturday, in which all the vessels which were engaged in Monday's race took part, as well as one or two others. The distance was twenty-five miles out to sea, round the gun-boat *Cuvier*, which was moored off Cape La Hève, and home again. There was a very good breeze when the boats started, but, unfortunately, it soon went down again, and the owner of the big Yankee schooner attributes his want of success partly to this, and partly to the fact of a large bolt breaking and bringing down the mainsail, occasioning a loss of some few minutes. As it was, the *Corinne* was first, the *Florinda* second, the *Cetonia* third, and the *Enchantress* fourth. The *Corinne* took the first prize, a work of art value 2500*£*, given by the town of Havre; the *Florinda*, a yawl of 136 tons, taking the second prize, a work of art value 1000*£*, given by the Havre Regatta Club, along with a handsome marine glass, presented by the French Minister of Marine; while the third prize, comprising a work of art value 1000*£*, given by the Havre Regatta Club, and a telescope presented by the same minister, was destined to the first among the French boats sailing in the match, and was carried off by the *Scapin*, a little cutter of 31 tons, belonging to M. Baqué, of Paris.

The prizes in the great International Channel Match consisted of: first prize, two silver statuettes, presented by Mr. Gérome, the well-known painter, value £320; second prize, a silver cup value £80, presented by the French Yacht Club; third prize, a silver cup value £25, presented by the Royal Albert Yacht Club; and two special prizes, consisting of a purse of £12 and £8 respectively, for the first and second French vessels. The entrance fee for foreign vessels was £4, the others being free.

The general conditions of the race were as follows:—

To start from Havre Roads, on the 27th July, at 4 o'clock p.m. The first three prizes to be taken by the first three vessels of different rigs, that is to say, one by a schooner, one by a yawl, and one by a cutter. The allowance of time, for tonnage measurement, to be in accordance with the rules of the R.A.Y.C. All disputes to be settled by the R.A.Y.C. and the Y.C. of France sitting in committee together. The goal to be the marking boat moored off Southsea, which was to show three vertical lights in the event of the vessels reaching their destination at night-time, and to throw up a rocket on the arrival of each vessel.

A grand breakfast was given previous to the start, at the Hotel Frascati, to which some hundred and fifty persons sat down, and at 5h. 16m. 55s. p.m. the yachts were started, having a quarter of an hour allowed them to get across the imaginary line drawn from Cape La Hève to the French gunboat *Cuvier* anchored off it. The order in which the boats crossed the line were as follows:—

Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owner.	H. M. S.
Hirondelle	English yawl	31	Mr. Quilter	5 22 45
Florinda	.....	136	Mr. Jessop	5 22 43
Cetonia	English schooner	202	Mr. Turner	5 23 43
Mésange	French cutter	40	Dr. Le Royd d'Etoiles	5 24 46
Comte de Chambord	.....	26	M. Cardon	5 25 52
Scapin	.....	31	M. Baqué	5 26 18
Gwendolin	English yawl	192	Major Ewing	5 27 20
Enchantress	American schooner	320	Mr. Loubat	5 28 0
Faustine	.....	120	Dr. Peabody Russell	5 33 38
Corinne	English schooner	165	Mr. Wood	5 36 51

As will be seen from the above, the *Hirondelle* was the first to cross the line, and the *Corinne* last. The wind was N.E.; the weather looked somewhat wild and squally, and as the fleet stood out to sea, making a beam wind of it, the sight was very grand.

About six o'clock the *Corinne* hauled down her topsail, as if afraid of a squall that was then coming up, but she set it again almost immediately. Shortly afterwards, the *Gwendolin* took in hers, as if to show that prudence was the better part of valour. The *Florinda* then began running away to windward, leaving her companions some distance behind. A minute or two later almost the entire fleet had gib-topsails set; but at 6.10, as the wind shifted round to the east, the *Enchantress* hauled in her fore-topsail, and replaced it by a square-headed one; not long afterwards the *Florinda* was perceived heading the fleet at some distance to windward, followed by the *Cetonia* on her lee quarter, and the *Enchantress* on the lee quarter of the *Cetonia*; then came the *Hirondelle*, closely followed by the *Corinne*, *Mésange*, *Faustine*, *Comte de Chambord*, and *Scapin*, all keeping tolerably well together. At 6.30, when Cape La Hève bore S. by E., the American schooner was gradually creeping abreast of the *Cetonia*; and the *Florinda*, which seemed to be improving her position, was following directly in our wake. No change of any consequence occurred in their positions, often various, before it became too dark to distinguish one from another. During the night we had several rain and wind squalls, but the wind did not blow particularly hard at any time.

At midnight we sighted St. Catherine, and the Nab at one and at five minutes past two, we took up our moorings beside the mark-boat anchored off Southsea, having made the passage in a little more than eight hours. From that time, until 7 o'clock in the morning, we kept a good look out in the direction of the Nab. There were several false alarms, just as day began to break, and after an early breakfast of ham and German sausage, washed down with claret and tea, the majority of the Committee turned in. At length, at 7 o'clock, we caught sight of a couple of sails bearing down upon us. As they came nearer, we made them out through our glasses to be the *Enchantress* and the *Corinne* the latter sailing to the windward of the former, and slightly in advance of her. All at once the *Enchantress* seemed to dash ahead, and almost immediately afterwards the heads of both topmasts and the main gaff of the *Corinne* snapped in two, bringing down the top-sails and all the topmast rigging. We ascertained afterwards that a squall had come up, and the *Enchantress* caught it first; as she passed the *Corinne* all the wind that filled her immense sails was suddenly thrown on the latter, producing the effect that we have mentioned. Notwithstanding this accident, the *Corinne* sailed bravely on, passing the mark-boat within twelve minutes after the *Enchantress*, and thus winning the race by her time allowance. It seems, however, that her damaged spars and rigging were cut away, and this the owner of the *Enchantress* maintains, is against the rules of yachting; he has accordingly lodged a protest against her owner taking the prize, and the matter will have to be referred to the Committees of the Yacht Club of France, and the R.A.Y.C.

According to the account of the owner of the *Enchantress*, his yacht led almost all night, and he was quite surprised, when at daybreak he saw the *Corinne* ahead. Mr. Wood, on the contrary, pretends that his yacht led all night, and that the *Enchantress* only passed her off Bembridge, Isle of Wight, just before the accident occurred.

The different yachts passed the mark-boat in the following order:—

	H.	M.	S.
Enchantress	7	21	40
Corinne	7	33	20
Gwendolin	7	53	15
Cetonia	7	54	56
Florinda	8	12	45
Hirondelle	8	48	35
Faustine	9	1	26
Mésange	9	23	10
Scapin	9	36	30
Comte de Chambord	9	49	50

Thus the *Corinne*, in the event of the claim of the *Enchantress* being disallowed, takes the first prize, the *Florinda* the second, and the *Mésange* the third. The *Corinne* was built by Ratsey of Cowes, and this is her first season.

## Rowing.

### THE RIVER LEA REGATTA.

The eleventh annual regatta of the amateur rowing clubs on the Lea took place on Saturday last, under most favourable circumstances and with complete success. Notwithstanding the natural disadvantages of the Lea for anything in the shape of racing, it has special features which are favourable for developing special qualities in both oarsmen and coxswains. Erratic steering on a river no wider than the Strand, and more tortuous in its windings than a country lane, results in something worse than the loss of half a boat's length, and when oars are liable to foul the bank at almost every bend and point along the course it is necessary for the crews themselves to be constantly on the alert to avert mishaps. Under these circumstances no very great speed can, of course, be obtained, although when a boat gets into a tolerably straight piece of water, the pace is good. There are nine boat clubs on the river, whose head-quarters are mostly at Lee Bridge, and under the management of a committee of all the clubs the regatta of Saturday was carried on.

The races were rowed in heats of two, the winner of three heats taking the prizes. The following is the lists of heats:—Junior Sculls, for a handsome silver cup—first heat, H. C. Fox (Neptune) and G. C. Baddeley (Orion), Baddeley won by about three lengths; second heat, F. A. Evans (Orion) and W. Rule (Triton), latter won by five lengths; third heat, Robinson rowed over; fourth heat, Baddeley (Orion) and Rule (Triton), latter won easily; fifth heat, Robinson (Alexandra) and Evans (Orion), former won; final heat, Robinson and Rule, former won. Junior Pairs, for three silver prizes—first heat, Phoenix R. C. and Albion R. C., latter won by half a length; second heat, Alexandra R. C. and Orion R. O., former won; third heat, Neptune R. C. and Orion R. C., former won by six lengths; fourth heat, Albion R. C. and Alexandra R. C., latter won; fifth heat, Neptune R. C. and Orion R. C., former won; final heat, Neptune R. C. and Alexandra R. C., the Neptune won a capital race by a quarter of a length, Mr. A. G. Pearson (stroke) and Mr. M. Barnard having rowed excellently throughout. Junior Fours, for five silver prizes—first heat, Alexandra R. C. and Triton R. C., latter won by a length; second heat, Phoenix R. C. and Neptune R. C., latter won by two lengths; third heat, Albion R. C. and Orion R. C., in this heat the boats fouled; fourth heat, Triton R. C. and Neptune R. C., latter won; fifth heat, Albion R. C. and Phoenix R. C., former won; final heat, Neptune R. C. and Orion R. C., former won. Senior Sculls—R. F. Smith (Albion) and J. Allan (Alexandra), latter won easily. Senior Pairs—Albion rowed over. Senior Fours—Albion R. C. and Orion R. C.; this was a capital race from the bushes at Tottenham to Willow Point, in which Albion won. A swimming race for three prizes took place after the regatta, for which four competed; one gave up, leaving the other three to take a prize each. Mr. Symonds came in first, and Mr. Taylor second.

### BARNES AND MORTLAKE AMATEUR REGATTA.

This regatta, which virtually closes the amateur aquatics on the Thames, was held on Saturday last, and the day being fine, the regatta, through the exertions of Mr. Marley, the secretary, and others, was a success, although the Kingston and some other well-known clubs were not represented. Unfortunately so bad a tide had been chosen that towards the close the steamboats had not water enough to go the course, and the umpires had to take to steam launches, in which they were scarcely better off, for they more than once went aground. Nevertheless there was a good day's sport, and a large number of visitors attended, whose enjoyment was enhanced by the strains of the Grenadier Guards, under Mr. D. Godfrey. The President, the Duke of Teck, was present during the whole day. The umpires were Messrs. Willan and Brickwood. The Junior Sculls were won easily by J. Hughes, of the West London Rowing Club, beating G. C. Gordon, of the Ino Rowing Club, who had won his heat easily. The Senior Sculls were won by W. L. Slater, of the Thames Rowing Club, a foul freeing him from his two opponents. W. H. Underhill and F. W. Collier, Ino R. C., rowed over for the Junior Pairs; while S. le B. Smith and F. S. Gulston, of the London R. C., almost did the same for the Senior Pairs—they beat a solitary boat which opposed them by many lengths. For the Senior Fours Challenge Cup, the entries were as follows:—

LONDON R. C.—S. le B. Smith, F. L. Playford, R. M. Barton, F. S. Gulston (stroke).

THAMES R. C.—W. H. Eyre, J. Hastie, J. Howell, W. L. Slater (stroke).

MULSEY R. C.—F. D. Leader, P. Hermon, E. Slade, F. H. Leader (stroke).

The race was rowed without coxswains, the steering gear being under the control of bow or No. 2, and, as in many races of this description, a foul was the result of inexperience on the part of the Moulsey Club, although the ultimate result was not altered thereby. The boats came away together at a tremendous pace, with nearly low water, the London crew keeping well over on the Surrey shore, where there was most tide and water under them, but thereby taking the longest course, while the others, in their anxiety to round the bend, rowed as hard as they could for the position in the slack and shallow water; London, full of rowing, maintained a steady lead, while the others, off the Ship, came into collision. Moulsey was decidedly in the wrong, as Thames were in their own water, and the former crew, after the foul, stopped and paddled home. Thames, with one of their usual splendid spurts, started after London, but they were too far ahead to be caught, and London won by a couple of lengths. In the Junior Fours the first heat was won by the Ilex Rowing Club, and the second by the London, but in the final the former rowed over, their opponents not having come to the starting-post in time. The Eight Oars race was won by the London Rowing Club after fouling their competitors, the West London Rowing Club. The Duke of Teck presented the prizes at the close of the regatta in the Junior Fours the first heat was won by the Ilex Rowing Club, and the second by the London, but in the final the former rowed over, their opponents not having come to the starting-post in time. The Eight Oars race was won by the London Rowing Club after fouling their competitors, the West London Rowing Club. 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## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All Advertisements intended for insertion in the Saturday's issue of the "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," must be posted so as to arrive not later than Wednesday evening, addressed to "The Publisher," 198, Strand, W.C.

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All communications intended for insertion in the "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," should be addressed to "The Editor," 9, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of enquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at 198, Strand.

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## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1874.

THE entries for the classic races of the year are before us and it is with pleasure that we hail their increase as an earnest of waxing Turf prosperity, and a sign of the departure of that black cloud which, according Admiral Rous, has lately darkened the racing horizon. The fluctuations of the Money Market are not more truly the pulse of the nation, than is the annual Derby entry in July significant of the status of affairs in the sporting world. The last ten years' average has been 235, but then the numbers have ranged from the 274 of Lord Lyon's year, to the 191 subscribers to Cremorne's benefit. We must go back as far as 1855 before we can find a parallel to this last number, and from that date we may reckon up a steady increase, until the culmination of fever heat in the days of the plunger. It is only natural there should be a reaction ensuing upon such fervent times, but the worst part of the business is, that the subsidence of the fever is occasionally carried below the level of ordinary temperature to a still weaker status, from which the recovery is longer and more uncertain. We hope to have tided over this change at last, and to have arrived on firmer ground: a safe halting-place between the heat of the mountain-top and the cold of the valley beneath. The Derby entries first "topped" two hundred in Surplice's year, and were carried on by his immediate successors, The Dutchman and Voltigeur. Then came a slight decadence, until Andover revived its ancient prestige, from which it has wavered but twice (as above mentioned) down to the present day. The Oaks and the St. Leger have naturally followed the fortunes of the more important race, though at a respectful distance, and Gladiateur's 243, still ranks unrivalled in Doncaster annals, while Formosa's 215 stands out in bold relief from the 90 odd totals of subscribers to the Ladies' Race. Last year, things were at a very low water mark in Turf channels, but the turn of the tide has set in at last; and the signs of the times point hopefully to that change which comes round surely enough to those who can afford to wait.

Lord Ailesbury is a standing Derby dish, and we welcome the Duke of Beaufort's name once more, hoping for a renewal of the palmy days of the blue and white hoops at Danebury. Lord Bradford seems to have dipped deeply into Lacydes, and Mr. Bowes and Mr. Crawfurd again come up smiling after so many disappointments of late years. Among breeders, Messrs. Cookson, Drummond, Johnstone, Wright, Thompson, Watson, and General Peel are well to the fore, and Mr. Chaplin and Lord Falmouth are candidates for Derby honours once again. Mr. Merry, ignoring rumours of retirement, is staunch as ever to his Scottish nomenclature, and evidently does not share in the popular prejudice against the staying powers of the Blair Athols. Mr. Gretton seems determined to keep up the prestige of Cannon's Heath, and Caller Ou, Borealis, and Bonny Bell are names which recall the old I'Anson days. We find an old supporter of the Derby in Count Lagrange, who appears to have taken his nominations in the old style of liberality, vice M. Lefevre, who is content with two modest entries. Lord Portsmouth and Lord Rosebery we look upon as pillars of the Turf, and the honoured name of Rothschild crops up once more, to revive the ancient glories of the yellow and blue. Mr. Savile and Lord Scarborough are constant to old customs, and the latter would be a most desirable acquisition to the more active business of the Turf, could he be persuaded to unfold the colours of his house once more. Mr. "Somerville" cuts in pluckily with his usual trio, and Sir Tatton Sykes, Mr. Vyner, Mr. Watt, Lords Westminster and Wilton, are names we should sadly miss from the Derby nominations. Lord Zetland gives earnest of a revival of the famous "spots," at no distant date, and we trust his name may long continue the Omega, as Lord Ailesbury's is the Alpha of subscribers to the race of races. Foreigners, casuals, and trainers are also fairly represented; and the Oaks and St. Leger lists are mere counterparts of that under discussion, which promises well for the future of sport.

For a few seasons past we have seen the Derby fields declining in numbers and importance, and yet subscribers to the great race of the year have not been found wanting to come up again and again after many a knock-down blow. This is surely a great sign of the vitality of our national pastime, and proves the existence of a feeling we should be sorry to see decline, in favour of high class sport, to the exclusion of that pottifogging system so much in

vogue among the lower grades of Turfites. We do not find that individuals of this latter type take any pride or pleasure in the Olympian contests of the year. They seek more interesting pursuits in the working of some clever plater at the smaller meetings, than in aiming at distinction in the possession of a Derby horse, forgetting that the one costs just as much for keep and training as the other, and that the stake to be won at Epsom would swallow up many a year's gains on their own circuit. Seeing then that such "sportsmen" hold aloof, it is all the more gratifying to be able to record an increase among those who fly at higher game, and are the very backbone of racing in this country. If such can be found to come forward in increasing numbers, there need be no fear for the future, such as might reasonably have been entertained a short time since, when stagnation seemed to prevail in the more influential circles, and only the ranks of charlatans were recruited from without. As to the proposed alteration of the date for Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger entries, we sincerely trust that no so-called reform of the kind may be carried, not from any ultra-conservative feeling on our part, but because we think it would seriously affect the popularity of the existing system, which has been found to work well, and led to generally satisfactory results. Half the charm of a Derby subscription lies in the very uncertainty of the thing, and the existing date of entry seems to us to fulfil all possible requirements. The later it is deferred, the fewer will be the number of subscribers; and the greater the scope afforded for the development of yearlings, the less inducement will there be to chance it, and the more diligence in weeding out the less promising animals. Now they all go in "in the lump," and owners can only be guided by looks, pedigrees, or family reputations. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* is as true in the case of yearlings as of other speculations, and every one fortunately for himself considers that to breed a Derby winner is the easiest thing in the world. This idea is eminently favoured by the occasional lucky hits among unknown breeders, and will account for the many fearful and wonderful pedigrees we come across among the entries for important races. The only hardship we know of likely to be entailed upon individuals by the present date of the closing of the Derby and other great races is, that those stud-masters selling subsequently to that date, or at York and Doncaster, are compelled to engage their yearlings before disposing of them, a process not always advantageous to purchasers, who do not care to be saddled with other people's engagements. This drawback, however, is inevitable, for if we waited until the end of September, people would have had more time to consider, and perhaps be less keen about entering their young hopefuls than at Midsummer.

The "great nameless" are, we think, somewhat smaller in number than formerly, and this is a step in the right direction, for there is nothing more annoying than identity or absence of nomenclature. A reform is much needed in this department, and now that Lord Glasgow no longer "hitches his jeans" or holds drum-head courts-martial over his trainers and jockeys, there need be little fear of injuring susceptibilities on this point. If owners insist upon a winning bracket to the names of their animals as a qualification for christening them, some must be content to wait a long time; and we would also enter a protest here against the absurdities annually perpetrated in bestowing appellations on hapless racers. This of course is mere matter of taste; but, to abstain from giving any distinctive title at all is a grievance against which the governing body might very well protest if they did not adopt the French plan of "compulsory nomenclature, and no duplicates allowed."

## THE OTTER.

THE Otter, as many of our readers are aware, ranks but in the third division of our beasts of sport, that is, as classed by Dame Juliana Berners in her "Book of St. Albans." In the first rank, *venere*, we have the hare, the hart, the wolf, and the wild boar; in the second, the *chase*, the fallow deer, the fox, the marten, and the roe; and in the third, designated as *rascal*, the badger, the wild cat, the otter, and all others not named in the two first divisions. Commenting on this order, which is by no means a happy classification, Stuart, in his "Lays of the Deer Forest," thus energetically protests: "In mentioning this brave, beautiful, and intelligent beast among the *rascals*, it is entirely against our own feelings, in compliance with the received laws of woodcraft, and because we cannot by our veto change the custom of seven hundred years. But the courage, talents, and activity of the animal; the beauty and sometimes splendour of the scenery in his haunts; the exquisite music of his hounds—and especially in night hunts, the romantic character of his chase, entitle him to the royal rank of 'Venerie.' We think that those who have hunted the otter in the Tweed, the Sprey, or the Erm with Mr. Trelawny's hounds, and in the remote glens of western Scotland, will not refuse him superior rank; for, take him all in all, he is a gentleman of the first water, although somewhat delicate in his taste and extravagant in his living. His piscatorial excesses have gained him the name in gaelic 'Caraid nam bochd,'—'the poor man's friend'—and in the west country the inhabitants visit his haunts in the gray of the morning to see what he has left; when a large salmon has been killed, there is often a supply for a whole family; for, unless much pressed by hunger, the Otter rarely eats much more of his fish than a small piece out of the back, and abandons the remainder, either because he is satisfied, or to go in quest of another. That which they take is cut out as smooth as with a knife, so that the rest of the fish is clean and entire; and being usually sought by the people soon after the otter's feeding time, is generally found fresh out of the water."

In *Baily's Magazine*, for last month, there is an admirable account of the doings of Mr. Collier's hounds, in the West country, during the present season; by which it appears, that, in the six days on which his hounds met, he brought no less than nine otters to hand, a feat that would be scarcely practicable in any other county than Devon and West Somerset, by "purling streams and a contiguous sea-shore." Quoting the words of the writer, it may here be remarked that, "Mr. Collier's father kept a famous pack of strong, old-fashioned harriers, with which he hunted the otter, during the summer months, with signal success, for a great number of years; his son William, the present well-known otter-hunter, acting as his aide-de-camp from his earliest youth. He may well, then, be experienced in the ways of that wild animal; and, above all, is he acquainted with every strong place, holt, hover or drain, in which an otter has ever been found, or ever sought refuge in time of need, on the many beautiful

trout streams with which that country abounds. As the otter's habits prompt him to adopt the same quarters, year after year, on the various rivers he frequents, this local knowledge of Mr. Collier's is incalculably useful for the successful prosecution of his sport; and enables him to find and kill many and many an otter that would otherwise baffle the best men and the best hounds, not equally at home on these rivers. But there is one virtue among many for which Mr. Collier is pre-eminently distinguished; and without which he who attempts to cope with an otter had better stick to his bed than waste his time in a profitless sport: that virtue is indomitable perseverance! No matter what the weather or the water may be, no matter how strong the hovers, nor how long the day, it must be a game otter indeed that, when once found, will escape him and his hounds."

The writer then describes the otter's depredations in salmon and trout rivers.

"During the hot summer months, when the brooks run low and the storms of winter have ceased to drive the wild waves rearing on our shores, the otter, as a rule, will seek the security of the cliffs, and there fish at his ease, dainty dog as he is, reveling on white bait and water-souche, such as no Greenwich cook ever manufactured; and, returning again to his river-haunts in late autumn, he travels in good company with the salmon, the sewin, and the trout to their breeding-ground, where, till justice overtakes him, his rapacity knows no bounds.

"It was no mere figure of speech on the part of the great naturalist when he told us that, at a rough calculation, the destruction of fish caused by each otter amounted to a ton weight annually. What hecatombs, then, of valuable human food must be nightly sacrificed where otters abound! and what hours of vain hope and unrequited labour must be the lot of the poor fisherman angling in such waters. Great must be our gratitude, then (for all are interested in a good supply of fish, either for food or recreation), to such public benefactors as the two Hills, Mr. Carrick of Carlisle, Mr. Collier, Mr. Trelawny, and others, who keep noble packs of hounds for the express purpose of hunting this destructive beast, and who, in doing so, delight in showing their friends the wildest and most exciting sport of which this country could ever boast."

The engraving is taken from Landseer's well-known picture and gives an admirable representation of "*the rascal*" and his prey.

## SALE OF SPORTING DOGS.

SOME fifty valuable pointers, setters, and retrievers, from the kennels of Messrs. G. Moore, R. Price, S. D. Hine, and other sporting gentlemen, have just been sold by Messrs. W. and S. Freeman at Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane. Prices and purchasers of the various lots are subjoined:

THE PROPERTY OF MR. G. MOORE, APPLEY HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE.	POINTER.	£ s. d.
DOT, 3 yrs, by Pochin's Duke—Holden's Mab	Mr. Clowes	12 12 0
MARK, 3 yrs, ditto	Mr. Clowes	12 12 0
MATE, 3 yrs, by Moore's Mons out of Moore's Mab	Mr. Houghton	17 17 0
MITE, 4 yrs, by Bass's Dog—Moore's Mab	Mr. Ferley	23 2 0
MINX, 2 yrs, by Lee's Don—Moore's Mab	Mr. Hemming	10 10 0
MAT, 2 yrs, ditto	Mr. Galbraith	8 18 6
MAJOR, 1 yr, by Moore's Duke out of Moore's Mab	Mr. Galbraith	12 1 0
MRS, 1 yr, ditto	Sir G. Armitage	14 14 0
MONS, 1 yr, ditto	Mr. Bedford	4 14 6
MINT, 1 yr, ditto	Capt. G. Williams	4 14 6
MUSE, 1 yr, ditto	Mr. Frewin	5 15 6
MIST, 1 yr, ditto	Mr. A. Coventry	15 15 0
MONK, 1 yr, by Moore's Duke out of Moore's Mab	Mr. T. Foakes	5 15 6
MEND, 1 yr, ditto	Mr. Hemming	8 18 6
MOST, 1 yr, ditto	Mr. S. D. Hine	6 16 0

THE PROPERTY OF MR. S. D. HINE, OF ILMINSTER.	POINTER.	£ s. d.
CASTRO, 1 w d, 1 yr, by Don out of Dido	Mr. Horsman	2 12 6
ROVER, 1 w d, 2 1/2 yrs, by Major—Dido	Mr. W. George	3 13 6
DI, 1 w b, 2 yrs, by Bang out of Juno	Capt. Martin	7 7 0

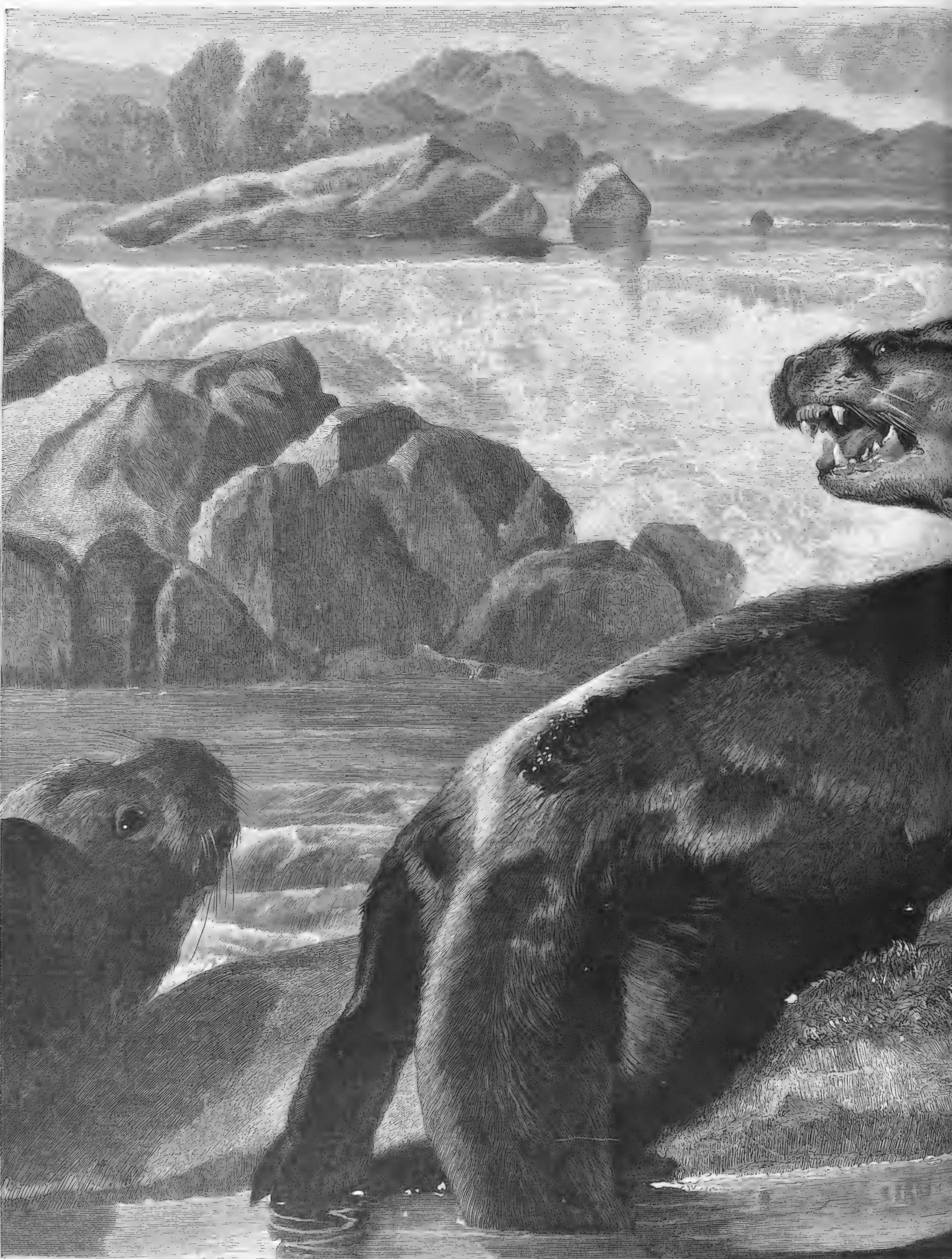
THE PROPERTY OF MR. R. D. DOLLING, CHASELANDS, ENFIELD.	POINTER.	£ s. d.
JOHN JONES, 1 w setter dog, 3 yrs, by Champion Roll, by Fred. II.	Mr. D. Smith	21 3 0
DOLL, 1 w setter bitch, 3 yrs; with two of her whelps, pupped 25th of May last, by Rap	Mr. Horsman	5 5 0
RAR, 1 w setter dog, 4 yrs; bred by Lord Carlisle	Mr. C. F. Wacher	2 2 0

THE PROPERTY OF MR. A. COVENTRY, 19 19 0.	POINTER.	£ s. d.
JUNO, 4 yrs, by Duff's York out of Trelawny's Belle	Mr. Coventry	21 0 0
QUEEN, 4 yrs, by Pilot out of Trelawny's Belle	Mr. Coventry	21 0 0
DIE, 15 months, by Ramsay's Dan out of Queen	Capt. Horridge	3 13 6
STOP	Mr. Clement	1 11 6

URIC, 15 months, by Capt. Ramsay's Rap out of Baird's Fan	Mr. Frewin	5 5 0
DUKE, 5 yrs, by Sir J. Burnett's Romp	Mr. Coventry	10 10 0
NED, 5 yrs, by Kintire's Baron out of Grant's Jet	Mr. Levick	9 9 0
ANOTHER PROPERTY.		
TROLLO, 1 w clumber spaniel bitch, 3 yrs	Mr. Ketley	3 13 6
LW pointer dog, 2 1/2 yrs	Mr. D. Smith	6 16 0
Bk smooth-coated retriever dog, 1 yr	Mr. M. Newcomen	7 7 0

FROM THE RHIWLAS KENNELS, BALA.	SETTER.	£ s. d.
DAN, 3 yrs	Mr. Cooper	7 7 0
FLIRT (whelped April 21, 1873), by General Prim—Fan		
	Capt. G. Williams	15 4 6
	Mr. Bedford	2 2 0

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“OTTER AN

FROM A PAINTING BY THE



SALMON."

BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

## Reviews.

## BOOKS.

*The Common Sense of Medicine, or the Art of Healing in a Nutshell*, by J. H. Shorthouse, M.D., LL.D. (Baily & Co., Cornhill).—It is seldom that a medical work excites any real interest in the outside world, or is of any intrinsic worth to those "not in the profession," inasmuch as the scientific phraseology and technical terms in themselves form a barrier that the uninitiated cannot pass, and the chances are decidedly against the longliivity of that man who, without having studied medicine, doctors himself from the little information he can gather from even standard medical works. But there is no rule without exception, as the minority do from time to time vindicate, and our author,—whose works we have just perused with great interest and satisfaction—has assuredly well entitled himself to be ranked high amongst that glorious minority of the learned profession who have deigned to write in good plain Anglo-Saxon that can be understood by any man of ordinary intelligence and education.

Judging from his writing, the Doctor must be an odd character in his way, and something of a cross between Abernethy and Dr. Johnson. His common-sense arguments are terse, straight to the point, and clearly expressed, but decidedly blunt; he calls a spade a spade, and never beats about the bush. There can, however, be no question but that the advice he tenders is sound and practical, and that he is a perfect master of the subject he writes about so clearly.

The opening chapter upon digestion and diet should be studied and acted upon by every one who has learned what *dyspepsia* is, and the advice therein contained is worth a shop full of drugs and so-called specifics, for—

"Nature then has room to work her way,  
And doing nothing often has prevailed,  
When ten physicians have prescribed and failed."

The article following upon "diseases and disorders of the breathing apparatus" is a lucid explanation of the chief causes that undermine the constitution, and bring on disorders that are not to be avoided by medicine, but by dietetic and hygienic means.

The third section treats upon the liver, and here we shall quote the doctor's own words: "As a primary disease, liver disease must be exceedingly rare, and, in this country, is mainly due to one of two causes—indulgence in ardent spirits, or in what are called 'rich' (fatty) kinds of food. Abstainers from these two evils may be tolerably certain they will be free from real disorders and diseases of the liver. That vile stuff, so much in vogue in the present day, and which is vended by most grocers and provision dealers under the name of "dry sherry," also contributes its share in producing derangement of the liver, though it generally carries off its victims by either brain disease or dropsy, before the liver can be sufficiently affected so as to cause the death of its possessor. I know of no more pernicious poison in frequent use than the so-called "dry sherry," which in reality is not wine at all, or the juice of any kind of grape, but a compound of cheap raw spirit and water, with some flavouring matter. I have known too many instances in which it has hurried its victims to an untimely grave, for me to look upon it with any kind of favour. Within a short time of each other, two attached friends of my own fell victims to its use, and yet they neither of them drank as much wine in their whole lives as I have done in three months; but I select my tipple, and they drank poison. I am not a teetotaler or a sentimentalist, nor a believer either in the one humbug or the other, but I feel it my bounden duty to record my protest against the imbibition of the poisonous stuff known as dry sherry. Dram-drinking is a fool to it, and will not carry off its victims half as soon as sherry; yet, the latter is "fashionable," and the former low and vulgar. If men choose to indulge in their toddy or glasses of grog, whether in the evening or the daytime, by all means let them do so, and they really can do so for a certain number of years with impunity. If they like good sound port or champagne, by all means let them indulge their propensity in that respect; but I do beseech all those for whom I have any regard, or also those who regard myself or my crochets, to abstain from "dry sherry" and "small goes" of raw impure spirit; they may then afford to laugh at liver diseases, if they live in this country; but as I have already mentioned, most of those ailments which are generally associated with the name of liver diseases or with bile have, in reality, little or no connection at all with the liver. If a man gets drunk over-night, and feels seedy in the morning, and cannot eat his breakfast, his liver is said to be all wrong; if an old woman swills herself out with tea, perhaps with a little rum in it, and is flatulent, she is said to have the bile, and she and her friends believe it. This is all humbug. It is not the liver but the stomach whose functions are disturbed in such cases. Biliary head-aches, biliary-fever, overflow of bile, biliary-diarrhoea, sluggish liver, and such like phrases are all bosh."

The chapters upon cholera, typhus fever, and small pox, are sensible and practicable, and Boards of Health, Sanitary Committees, and local authorities, entrusted with the control of epidemic diseases, would do well to consult them, as they afford much valuable information, the result of long experience. The doctor has a peculiar theory about cholera, which he explains in a quaint manner too: "To what does cholera owe its origin? To an influence beyond the control of man; whatever may be the nature of that influence, it is certainly in the atmosphere around and about us, and not necessarily in the drains or in the water below us. It is impossible to define exactly the nature of that influence. If it be not electricity in a morbid condition, it more nearly approaches to electricity than to anything else with which we are acquainted; and like electricity it has also its preferences. For the sake of perspicuity, therefore, I shall call it *morbid electricity*. When electricity manifests itself upon living materials or upon dead ones, it has certain partialities. If it attacks trees, it attacks those whose leaves are smooth and glazed in preference to those whose leaves are rough. Oak and ash trees often feel its influence, and elms seldom, if ever. Then, again, it never attacks dead or withered trees, although their heads may be towering aloft, as if to invite it to come and demolish them. Nor does it attack buildings unless they have some metal or other attractive material on their pinnacles. Most men would, I suppose, prefer kissing a pretty girl, to an ugly one. I know of one who has such a weakness. Electricity has its weaknesses also. It embraces trees whose leaves are smooth, and buildings whose tops are metallic or metalloid, and 'leaves out in the cold' the elms, the hazels, and the rough pantiled roofs.

"Now we can understand why it is that the robust and the vigorous are the most acceptable subjects for the choleraic influence, or for what I call the *morbid electricity*. Young people when in full vigour manufacture a large amount of electricity—in fact, they are surcharged with it—and unless it can escape through the nails in their boots, they suffer from weariness and fatigue. In "close" weather before a thunder-storm, everybody, whether active or not, does so suffer, and those who wear boots with elastic spring sides, especially so. Those who may be neither young nor very robust, may by their irritability lash themselves into fury, and manufacture a quan-

tit of electricity in the same way that we may do so by rubbing a cat's back the wrong way, or by any other means of friction, such as rubbing a stick of sealing-wax on a coat-sleeve. The young, the robust, the active, and the irritable, then, generate within themselves an unusual quantity of electricity, and the weakly, the idle, and the lethargic, very little indeed. Although nobody can boast of having "mastered" electricity, yet every man of culture knows well enough that we are acquainted with two varieties of it, known as "positive" and "negative." These terms are not happy ones, nor were they invented by myself, but they are useful enough in their way. But my readers must not run away with the notion that the "positive" is more potent than the "negative." They are equally potent, but they have to come into collision before a discharge of electricity takes place, and lightning and thunder result just in the same way that, in animals, male and female have to come in contact before they can increase and multiply their like. Each is equal to the other in potency, and no one is able to say which has the mastery; in fact, both elements are required before the desired result is obtained. So with electricity: some clouds on the high level are surcharged with what is called "positive" electricity, and some with "negative." The "positives" are, we will say, travelling from east to west, and the "negatives," who run on the lower level, are going from west to east, or possibly from north to south, and if they get sufficiently near to their upper brethren, a sort of friction takes place, and a discharge or thunderclap is the result; just in the same way that you can discharge a Leyden jar charged with electricity by putting the end of your finger on the brass nob. A nice young man and a pretty girl travelling in opposite directions happen to meet. The "positive" element says to the "negative" one, "You are a very pretty girl, and a very nice one; we will have an embrace," and if the "negative" element is willing, and comes into sufficiently close contact, they do embrace after the manner of the clouds surcharged with electricity. All this is very pretty, very proper, and very nice, and moreover it is true, so far as the clouds are concerned, except to the nicely. But it is the real and the true explanation of thunder-storms.

"Now, when the morbid electricity is afloat in the atmosphere, of course, it must have a mate before a collision or a discharge takes place, and almost as a matter of necessity, it prefers the young, the robust, and the active of the human species. It "nails" them, and I am sorry to say too often "lands" them also. The more healthy and vigorous they are, the less chance have they of grappling successfully with their paramour. They are bound to succumb to his influence, so far as a "taste" of the disease is concerned; and only too frequently—much too frequently, in fact—they are unable to survive the submission. The decrepid, and the cripples—if they are passive, and not active mischievous monkeys—inevitably escape the embraces of morbid electricity; and those active spirits, whose interference has brought them within the range of the influence, invariably succumb to their charmer, and fall like ripe apples into the jaws of 'grim death.'

The last chapter is devoted to fractures, dislocations, sprains, wounds, burns and scalds, and the appendix consists of a few extremely simple prescriptions for different ailments, for the learned doctor, is no advocate for drenching his patients with loathsome nostrums. On the contrary, he believes with John Simon, "that every dose of medicine ineffectively given, silently testifies to the inefficiency of our art."

In this extremely interesting and valuable work, the author shows that he believes much more in the prevention of disease by a wholesome regimen and system of living, than in man's power to cure it by the administration of drugs. He, in spite of his professional interest, evidently believes that, "Nature is the best physician," and he quotes with great aptitude the following lines, as a fair description of the fashionable medical practice of the day—

"Doctors conscientiously contrive,  
By daily calls, to keep their friends alive,  
Who, though declining, many days may see,  
Whilst daily calls produce a daily fee.  
All systems change, and physic, like the rest,  
When newly fashion'd, operates the best;  
Thus each practitioner his system draws  
From some internal, ever-ruling cause,  
And, laying former doctrines on the shelf,  
Cures by a mode peculiar to himself.  
One feels your pulse, and potently observes  
All your complaints originate in nerves.  
If still unsatisfied, the next you call  
Will vow that people have no nerves at all.  
One says the stomach is the tainted part;  
One says the head's in fault, and one the heart;  
One undertakes to set you up with ease,  
And swears that bile occasions your disease;  
Says bile affects you if you glow or shiver,  
And throws new lights upon his patient's liver."

Doctor Shorthouse is evidently of the Abernethy school, and he strongly inculcates the doctrine that—

"Exercise is the best physic."

Also in his extreme, and perhaps somewhat eccentric bluntness, he evidently much resembles his prototype, for his writings savour of the old school, notwithstanding he tells us in his preface that, "all the strong words have been eliminated by the Publisher."

"Who has breathed o'er each page his purity of soul,  
Reformed each error, and refined the whole?"

Abernethy himself was once over-matched in his peculiar and systematic bluntness, by a Yorkshire Squire, as the following incident will show. A jolly-hearted fox-hunter, in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, one of those choice-spirits who had lived rather "too fast" for his constitution—devoted to his lass and his glass—fond of his dog and his gun—and "Yoicks! hark, forward, Tally ho?" to him far sweeter sounds than Braham's 'Beautiful maid'—felt himself out of sorts—in other words, he could not tell what was the matter with him; he therefore consulted the Bolus of the place, of whom the whole parish declared no man could better

Gild a pill,  
Make a bill,  
Or bleed or blister!

But the country apothecary, with all his Caleb Quotem sort of talent, proved of no use to the fox-hunter; the complaint of the latter got worse and worse, and he was determined to consult, without any more delay, one of the faculty in London. Abernethy was pointed out to him as most likely to make him hearty again; but, at the same time, it was intimated to him the reception he would probably meet with on making his bow. "Never mind," said he, "if I do not prove myself a match for the doctor, may my mare refuse the first leap she comes to; may I never again be in at the death!" On stating the nature of his complaint to Abernethy, the latter replied, "Sir, the sooner you go back, the better; you have come on a fool's errand. I am no doctor." The fox-hunter, in great surprise, observed, "Perhaps, Sir, I have mistaken the house; and if I have intruded myself into your company, I am sorry for it. May I ask, Sir, is your name Abernethy?" "Yes," replied the doctor, "Abernethy is my name." "Abernethy, and no doctor!" said the fox-hunter; "but I have been told you are a joker—though a joke to a man who has come 200 miles is rather too much out of place for him to relish it!" "Joke or no joke," answered Abernethy, "you will find I am

no doctor; and the sooner you quit my house the better," (getting up to ring the bell for the servant.) "Hear me, doctor Abernethy," replied the fox-hunter pulling out his purse at the same time, "I have not much knowledge it is true, but I trust I have too much sense to put my purse in competition with my constitution; therefore, name your fee, and, be it great or small, I will give it to you. That you are a doctor, and a man of great skill, Fame reports all over the kingdom: your talents have induced me to travel 200 miles expressly for your advice; therefore none of your tricks upon travellers. I will not be disappointed! Advice I came for—and advice I will have" (running immediately up to the door, locking it, and putting the key in his pocket). He then held out his wrist to the doctor. "You *Will* have advice," echoed the doctor in a rage, "Insolent man! not from me. I again tell you that I am no physician." The fox-hunter putting himself in a boxing attitude, advanced towards Mr. Abernethy and, in an offensive manner, exclaimed, "Then, by G—d I will make a doctor of you; and if you do not feel my pulse without any more equivocation, I will feel yours, and also administer to you some points of my practice. I will likewise give you an emetic, without the smallest particle of physic in it, that shall make you sick for a month." The doctor retreating, said, with astonishment, "What are you about? Are you going to strike me?" "Yes," replied the fox-hunter, "I am as cool as a cucumber; and nothing shall stop me in my pursuit; dangers I fear not; and to leap over a steeple is a trifling concern to me when the game is in view; therefore I again repeat, feel my pulse, or else—." The doctor immediately laid hold of his arm, and in a sort of whisper, as the players have it, aside—exclaimed—"and a d—d strong pulse it is!" then in, a louder tone, "suppose I had not felt your pulse—what then?" "Why," replied the fox-hunter, with a most determined look attached to the expression, "I would have run you down sooner than I would a fox: and have made you more timid than a hare, before you could have sung out for the assistance of either of the colleges." "The devil you would," said the doctor; "nevertheless I admire your candour; and am not at all disposed to quarrel with your bluntness; and as you have been so extremely explicit with me, I will render myself as perfectly intelligible to you, and also with as much sincerity. Your pulse tells me that you are a far greater beast than the horse you ride; indeed, the animal is the most preferable character of the two by comparison—your horse feels the spur and attends to it; the whip to him is not applied in vain; and he eats, drinks, and takes his rest more like a rational being than his master. While, on the contrary, the man with a mind, or at least who ought to possess something like the exercise of intellect, is all excess—he drinks to excess—he eats to excess—he hunts to excess—he smokes to excess." "Bravo, doctor, any more, my friend," replied the fox-hunter, quite pleased, "only say that my pulse has been abused, but not worn out—that I shall once more be on the right scent, and that the effects of training will enable me again to enjoy the 'view halloo!' accompanied by rosy health, and I will be yours, &c., for ever—I will do anything, I will apologise to you—" "Retract one word that you have uttered," suppressing a smile, answered the doctor, "and I will be dumb! and you will loss that advice you almost fought to obtain: first buy my book, then let nature be your principal guide in future, and when you are at fault, Mr. Fox-hunter, consult page—, and you will be able to decide upon your own case." "Buy your book?" said the fox-hunter, "aye that I will; and I should think it cheap, if it cost as much as Rees's Cyclopaedia. I will purchase it in a canter, and it shall be as bible-proof to me for the remainder of my life." "Do then, and make your exit without delay—I have lost too much time already," answered the doctor. "I am off like a shot," replied the fox-hunter, "but the first toast I shall propose at the club on my return home, will be 'Long life to Dr. Abernethy.' 'Fox-hunter, farewell!' said the doctor, "Remember that your horse is your example—drink only when you are dry—satisfy your hunger when it requires it—and when Nature points it out to you, take rest!" The fox-hunter behaved liberally as to the fee—they shook hands together like men who had a respect for each other—the doctor being perfectly satisfied that his patient belonged to that class of persons who are vulgarly denominated "run customers;" and the fox-hunter did not quit the house of Mr. Abernethy, without being equally impressed that the doctor was one of those extraordinary men not to be met with amongst 20,000 human beings!

There is much of a mirthness in the sound practical counsel of Abernethy and Shorthouse, and "The common sense of medicine" by the latter is a valuable addition to every library as well as a capital book of reference to the traveller who cannot obtain the assistance of a duly qualified medical adviser.

*The Wild Sports of the World*, by James Greenwood.—The rising generation have much cause to be indebted to those enterprising publishers, Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Tyler, for a most complete series of carefully written books upon travel, history, and adventure, that are admirably calculated, not only to interest, but also to improve and instruct the youthful mind. These works are full of examples of courage and endurance; full of well told stories of hardihood and adventures in strange lands, such as *Wild fire* the imagination of every youth; not to corrupt and demoralize, but to strengthen his mind and train his faculties so as to lead him to think and act for himself. In our national history, our grandest successes and our well-earned prestige, as the greatest pioneers of civilisation, may be traced to that love of adventure which is innate in every British-born youth; for it is to our sturdy and fearless adventurers that this comparatively small island is indebted for the gigantic colonisation that extends over the whole world; and when one considers that "colonisation means existence to millions, and one half the comfort and prosperity we enjoy," it is to be hoped that this spirit of adventure will never decline. I think it was Locke who demonstrated that man had no innate ideas, but that his mind in early infancy was like a blank sheet of paper, ready to receive any external impressions; and if his doctrine be true—which there are reasons to doubt—not a word need be said as to the importance of inculcating and keeping this ancient spirit of adventure and love of enterprise alive, and perhaps the best means of doing so is by placing suitable books, demonstrating what Englishmen have done, in the hands of our youths. Luxury, and the growth of large towns, with their over-worked, overcrowded populations, are unfavourable to adventure, exactly as they lead to physical deterioration; but we are not likely to lose in a generation or two the North-sea salt that survives in our blood, after so many generations of change; it is inherent.—Just as every frog is born with a tail, so every boy, born in Britain, comes into existence an adventurer—that is to say, a seeker and conqueror. The world is to him, verily, only an oyster, waiting to be opened. He dreams, but his dreams are all of doing and enduring. Before fourteen, he has beaten—in long engagements fought in the air—captains mightier than Napoleon: Wellington could not beat him. He has crushed navies, founded kingdoms, traversed deserts, superseded steam, hunted new monsters, and discovered strange lands. The time comes, indeed, when these big fancies have to give way to petty realities; but they are tonics of the first order, and, meanwhile, they have helped to make a man of him. Nor does his disappointment descend to his children: they begin as

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"THE LAST OF 'IL TALISMANO.'"

## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

By LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

## CHAPTER V.

OFTEN on half-holidays, a clum of mine and myself had been in the habit of hiring hacks, to take a ride in the park, where we vainly flattered ourselves we made a considerable sensation. Our plan was for one to act as groom; the dress was easily got up, and was left at the livery stables; a gold lace band round the hat, and some crest buttons on a greatcoat soon formed it, which, with white cords and top-boots, was no very despicable dress for a "tiger." In one of our excursions, when my companion joined a friend of his father's, the groom of the latter fell into a disquisition with me, and gave me such an insight into "high life below stairs," that it has been my guide ever since. But I will not reveal "the secrets of the prison house," entrusted to me in confidence, when I was myself acting under false colours. Easter holidays were now at hand, and having received a handsome "tip" from an uncle, I determined to hire hunters for myself and friend, for the Epping Hunt, which took place on Easter Monday. This was accordingly done, and thanks to the liberality of Tilbury, the hunters were to be sent on early in the morning, and a dog-cart was placed at my disposal. From that day, until Mr. Tilbury's death, I always dealt with him, and a more straightforward honourable man I never knew. On the morning of the hunt, we, my friend and I, proceeded at an early hour to Palace Yard, where the dog-cart was waiting for us. No sooner had we quitted the suburbs of the metropolis, than we found the road thronged with equestrians, pedestrians, and carriage company. Every vehicle, from a barouche and four, down to the Whitechapel cart, was in requisition. As we entered the town of Epping, famed for its hunt and sausages, we found it densely crowded with people from London, and all parts of the country. Threading our way through carriages, hackney-coaches, dog-carts, donkey-chaises, vans, and waggon, we reached the place of meeting, near the "Bald-faced Stag." Here we found our hunters in readiness. After the delay of half an hour, the notes of a horn were heard, and a shout from the multitude pronounced that the huntsman and hounds were in view. "Here they come!" "There they be'es, just over the hill!" "What a beautiful sight!" These and other sounds of delight now escaped the lips of many a metropolitan Nimrod, as he rushed gallantly forward to meet the pack. The huntsman sported a very antiquated red frockcoat, a bright yellow waistcoat, inexpressibles of indescribable hue, and a pair of mahogany-coloured top-boots. His horse was evidently a bit of blood, but rather the worse for wear. The whipper-in was equipped in a Lincoln green coat and waistcoat, evidently borrowed for the day from the verderer of the neighbouring forest, while a pair of white cords and cream-coloured top-boots completed his costume. His horse was what is vulgarly termed "a run one to look at, but a good one to go," as was proved in the course of the day. Upon descending from the dog-cart, and approaching our hunters, great was our delight to find two remarkably nice looking nags, neatly turned out with saddles and bridles from Whippy's. The pack consisted of ten couples of every shape, colour, and size. Four couples of dwarf staghounds, two and a half drafted from the "dorg" pack of a sporting cavalry regiment then quartered at Romford, and the remaining three and a half couple from some union hunt in Scotland. After a quarter of an hour's delay, a cart decorated with flags and pennons was

drawn up, from which a young hind, called the "Essex Lass," was turned out, her neck being ornamented with laurel leaves, wreaths of roses, and gaudy coloured ribands. Every one then was eager for the fray, and many seemed anxious to save the hounds the trouble of hunting their game. "Hold hard!" shouted the huntsman, "Ware horse," cried another. "Give her ten minutes law," said a sporting-looking horse dealer. "I'll take the hounds home," bellowed the huntsman, "if you won't hold hard." In the meantime, despite the shouting, whooping, hallooing, screaming of the human—the yelling, barking, whining of the canine race, nothing could induce the affrighted animal to quit the crowd. At last the whipper-in got her into a trot, and finally to an increased pace, when a sort of Indian war-cry from the multitude completed his work, and away went the "Essex Lass" at a rattling pace over a good enclosed grass country. Scarcely had five minutes elapsed when the impatience of the field became so great that the hounds were laid on. "Yoick's! Dairymaid," "Have at her, Gaylad," "Gambol has it," "Forward! forward," shouted the huntsman, and away we went helter-skelter, hurry-scurry, red coats, green, blue, drab, and black coats; butchers', and grocers' boys, with no coats at all; horses without riders; sheep-dogs, terriers, curs, turnspits, donkeys, dustmen, sweeps, dandies, Whitechapel "swells," London horse dealers, baronets, cads, and touts. Happily a deep yawning brook produced a most desirable effect—that of making the field very select; under ordinary circumstances, Tilbury's two hunters, who were good water-jumpers, would have cleared it, but the difficulty was considerably increased upon the present occasion, by the crowd of idle men and boys assembled on its banks, or perched up in the willows, who were shouting and looking out for falls. My companion and myself charged the brook at a rattling pace, he succeeded in what the Meltonians term "negotiating" it, while I unfortunately got right into the middle of it, my horse having swerved, from a dog having been let loose at him. A shout of exultation arose from the crowd, as my steed floundered in the stream. Keeping firm hold of the bridle, and landing on the other side, I, with the assistance of a clod, soon extricated the animal, and was again in the saddle; fortunately for me the hind had been headed by a sheep dog within three fields of the scene of my mishap, which gave me an opportunity of regaining my lost place. The line now lay over a grass country right up to Woodford, where the huntsman having completely pumped out his own horse, stopped the hounds, much to the annoyance of many a cockney sportsman, who had fondly hoped to have had the lines of the song realized, "This day a hind must die." During the time I was at Westminster, two extraordinary cricket matches took place, one at Montpelier Gardens, Walworth, between the one armed and one legged pensioners of Greenwich Hospital. The sport created much diversion, as several lost or broke their "wooden walls." The following is the return of the match:

## ONE-ARMED PLAYERS.

First Innings .....	20
Second ditto .....	65
Third ditto .....	32

## ONE-LEGGED PLAYERS.

First Innings .....	31
Second ditto .....	25
Third ditto .....	21

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and consoled themselves with "splicing the main brace" with prog and grog, which had not undergone the scrutiny of the purser, and which left them, to follow out the nautical metaphor, "three sheets in the wind." The other match was between Lord Charles Kerr, and J. Cook, Esq., jun., his lordship backing his servant James Bridger and his water spaniel "Drake," against Mr. Cook, and Mr. Wetherell. The match was for 50 guineas a side. The post assigned to "Drake" was that of fielding, the only way indeed in which his services could be rendered available, but as he always caught the ball at the first bound, he proved himself quite as good a fieldsmen as many a biped would have done. The following was the result of the game:

## FIRST INNINGS.

Lord C. Kerr. J. Cook 50, caught by J. Cook.

Drake 0, instead of "not out," we may say "never in."

## SECOND INNINGS.

J. Cook, Esq.

J. Cook 6, caught by J. Bridger.

W. Wetherell 0, run out by Drake.

Mr. Cook then gave up the match. The way in which the canine member of Lord's ran Wetherell out was as follows: The batter hit the ball smartly for a run, but "Drake" played across the ball so much faster than the former expected, stopped it so well, and delivered it so quickly to his partner Bridger, that Wetherell's stumps were down without a run. During the time I was at Westminster, I became acquainted with Barclay of Ure, who was on intimate terms with my uncle the late Duke of Gordon, then Marquis of Huntley, and it may not here be uninteresting to give a slight sketch of this celebrated character. Robert Barclay Allandice, Esq., of Ure, was born in Scotland, and at eight years of age was sent to England for his education; he was four years at Richmond, and three at Brixton Causeway-schools. He afterwards went to Cambridge. Entering the service of his country as an ensign in the 23rd Fusiliers, he accompanied his regiment to the continent in 1805, his corps forming part of the army which was sent for the protection of Hanover. He was afterwards promoted to a company, but saw no actual service until the fatal expedition to Walcheren, where he acted as aide-de-camp to Lord Huntley. He embarked for that pestiferous climate a few days after he had finished his pedestrian performance at Newmarket, and although greatly reduced by his exertions, escaped the dreadful fever. Barclay, whose weight was twelve stone thirteen pounds, and whose height was five feet ten inches, was a most formidable amateur with the gloves: he, however, occasionally selected too powerful an antagonist, as was the ease in his "set to" with Shaw, the Lifeguardsman, who fell so gloriously at Waterloo. In weight the gallant soldier was fifteen stone, in height six feet and half an inch. This gave him a decided advantage over Barclay. The brave Scot, however, never shrank from punishment, and for some time held his own; but finally the weight and length of Shaw enabled him to plant so tremendous a blow in the Captain's ribs that many were broken. As a practical farmer, Barclay was second to none, and through his excellent management, brought his estates to the highest state of perfection. At an early period of his life, he was master of a pack of foxhounds in Kincardineshire. Of his pedestrian performances I will briefly say that on the 1st of June, 1809, Captain Barclay started at Newmarket Heath to go on foot one thousand miles in one thousand successive hours, at the rate of a mile in each and every hour. This he accomplished. As this match has often been recorded, I will not dwell upon it, further than to say it was a most wonderful undertaking, and only equalled by another, that of Thomas Standen of Salehurst, near Silverhill Barracks, who, in the year 1811,

As soon as the score was declared to be in favour of the "fewest hands," the winners drove off to Greenwich in a triumphal car, ornamented with flags, banners, and laurel leaves, laughing, we presume, "in their (empty) sleeves," at the discomfiture of their one legged fraternity. The losers speedily followed them,

finished the arduous task of walking eleven hundred miles in as many successive hours, going one mile only in each hour. He was nearly sixty years of age at the time. Moore, in an epistle from Tom Crib to "Big Ben," a nickname given at that time to the Prince Regent, thus immortalizes Shaw, the Lifeguardsman, above referred to:—

"Oh, shade of the *Cheesemonger*, you, who alas,  
Doubled up by the dozen, those mousers in brass,  
On that great day of *milling*, when blood lay in lakes,  
When kings held the bottle, and Europe the stakes."

The term "cheesemonger" was many years ago applied to the men of the two regiments of Life Guards, under the idea that as they always remained in London, they could embark in business transactions. Their prowess at Waterloo, removed the opprobrious term, and for military appearance, discipline, and good conduct they rank as high as any soldiers in the world.

### HENRY CUSTANCE.

LIKE Frank Buckle, one of his great predecessors in the pugskin, Henry Custance was born at Peterborough, in February, 1841. At an early age he had the misfortune to lose his father, but happening to be at Beccles Races, when quite a youth, he luckily made the acquaintance of "Mr. Mellish," the well-known owner of Adams, Tame Deer, &c., into whose service he forthwith entered as stable lad, and took up his residence at Epsom, where that gentleman's horses were trained under his own supervision. Sensible of the value of education, his master took care that his apprentice should regularly attend the evening school, established in the town by the benevolent Mrs. Bainbridge, for the use of the Aztecs of the stables, and thanks to which, Custance attained a knowledge that would have enabled him to fill a higher station in life, had he not been successful as a jockey. His tastes were, however, entirely for horses, hounds, and field sports generally, in consequence of which he soon became such a proficient in the saddle, that his master very soon gave him an opportunity of distinguishing himself in public, and through his influence he got plenty of riding from Lord Portsmouth, Mr. Howard, &c., and one of his great early successes was winning the Cesarewitch on Rocket, for Mr. G. Lambert in 1858, when he scaled as little as 5st 8lb. After leaving "Mr. Mellish," he succeeded Plumbe, as Mr. Merry's first jockey at Russley, where his professional education was finished, under the watchful and clever tutelage of Mr. M. Dawson, and so great was his proficiency, that he took first class honours by winning the Derby on Thormanby in 1860, at the early age of 19. He remained attached to Mr. Merry's establishment for a year or two, during which he won many valuable races, including the Gold Cup at Ascot on Thormanby, in 1861, the Whip at Newmarket twice with Special License, beating Promised Land by a head on the second occasion, besides several important two-year-old stakes, with Dundee, riding whom he was second for the Derby, won by Kettledrum in 1861. After leaving Russley he declined any special engagement, and went to reside at his native place, Peterborough; but rode many winners, including Lanaret, Welland, Millionaire, and others for Mr. Bryan; and with Blarney, Union Jack, and Caroline, he won all the principal two-year-old races in Ireland for Mr. Longfield. In 1863, 1864, and 1865, he rode principally for Mr. Cartwright, for whom he won the Northamptonshire Stakes with Fairwater, in 1863, and he achieved a succession of brilliant victories with Ely in 1865, winning the Gold Cup at Ascot, the Goodwood Cup, and the Cup at Brighton. In the latter year he engaged as first jockey to Mr. R. Sutton for whom he rode Lord Lyon, in his memorable dead heat with Redan for the Champagne Stakes, and with whom he won his second Derby in 1866, beating by a head Saverne, Rustic, and twenty others. And in his hands Lord Lyon also achieved the double victory, by carrying off the St. Leger by a head from Saverne, Knight of the Crescent, and eight others. In that year he also won no fewer than ten valuable two-year-old races on Achievement, with whom, however, he failed to win the Oaks, in the following year, which occasioned the severing of his connection with Mr. Sutton. Custance always averred that there was a "soft drop" in Lord Lyon, and this he proved by beating him with Rama, for the Queen's Plate at Lincoln, in 1867, after one of the most tremendous races witnessed; a defeat that cost the "plungers" dear. To recount all the doings of this accomplished jockey would manifestly occupy more space than is at our disposal, consequently we can only briefly refer to the succession of brilliant victories he achieved with Vespasian, Ostregor, Broomielaw, Blinkhoolie, Windham, King George, Border Knight, The General, &c. With the three former he won the Chesterfield Cup, and the Alexandra Plate with Blinkhoolie. With Border Knight he won, in 1870, the Brighton Stakes and Cup, beating Kennington in the latter race, which was one of his finest efforts, and this success he followed up by winning the Great Yorkshire Handicap with the same horse. With The General he ran second for the July Stakes to Maidment on Hanrah, and subsequently won the Lavant and Molecomb Stakes at Goodwood, and the Criterion at Newmarket. Recently he has been chiefly identified with Mr. Cartwright's stable, for whom he won several valuable races with Albert Victor, and with whose own brother, George Frederick, he, this year, succeeded in winning his third Derby. A year or two ago, Custance got well and happily married, and now resides at Manton, near Uppingham in Rutlandshire, where he is within reach of the Quorn, the Cottesmore, and Mr. Tailby's hounds, with one or other of whom he may be seen going among the "first flight" during the season. And we may add that he has also been successful in the steeple-chase field, as a year or two ago he won the Professional Steeple-Chase with Wedding Peal at Warwick.

### THE LAST OF "IL TALISMANO."

WITH the approaching end of the season comes the fatal day when the shutters have to be put up at the opera-houses, and all the glories of the property man and scenic artist be shelved for another year. Spring vans bearing the legend "Goods carefully removed, packed and warehoused" may now be seen toiling up Catherine Street and "the Lane," and drawing up at the dingy stage entrance of Old Drury. For is not *Il Talismano* played out for this year? have not the last strains died away, and must not all the magnificent creations of Mr. Beverley now be rolled up and packed away till Spring once more brings us Mr. Mapleson's programme, and we take our place in our accustomed stall, lorgnette in hand, prepared to greet, with well-bred applause, the *rentrees* of our old favourites, Berengaria and the Lion-Hearted Richard? There go the Camels! Take care of that canvas there! Load up and be off. Berengaria's tiara and jewelled girdle have been safely packed away with Kenneth's sword in the property room, and now the more cumbersome impedimenta of the stage are on their way to the grim seclusion of some dingy warehouse, there to hibernate, till the advent of another season brings back to us all the glories and gorgeous effects of the latest, if not the happiest achievement of the immortal Balf.

### Correspondence.

[THE fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

SIR,—I have read with interest many of your leaders devoted to promoting the production of good plays at the theatres. That dramatic literature lags far behind is undoubted; and the consequence already is (which may soon be further developed), that the theatrical art languishes. The public will neglect it, and it will sink deeper and deeper into an impotence. I cast the blame of this state of matters, not upon the public, nor very much upon the managers, but upon the state of authorship. I have read now for fifteen years many an article on the decline of the drama, but *cui bono* all this denunciation of the condition of the dramatic art? Surely the proper remedy is the thing to discuss; and that remedy is doubtless the fostering of better plays, and how that is to be managed. I answer unhesitatingly by rewarding authors, not repressing them; if they cannot always be sufficiently compensated with money, or the applause of the theatre, or even the extensive approval of the closet, give them some public recognition of talent eminently displayed in working to amuse, please, and instruct in an art which has the strongest hold upon the general public. There ought to be an association of dramatic authors, if not also actors, to belong to which the production of more than one work of great merit should be the only introduction. Through this channel, which would bring into a focus all the dramatic genius and talent available in the country, would managers be supplied with players. They would then cease to be blamed for refusing to recognise merit. Authors would see in the existence of the association at once a blow to that self-sufficiency which imagines that the secret of success in a difficult act can be conquered of a sudden, and, what is more important, a ready access to recognition of talent beyond the miscarriages which will happen in meting out all human justice. There seems no reason why it should not be as honourable a distinction to belong to such a society as to be a member of the Royal Academy, or a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. To write a dramatic work of art requires quite as much ability as to paint a "Derby Day." But a man cannot in the present condition of things be expected to write another *Rivals* or *She Stoops to Conquer*, except by the accident of ripe genius combined with opportunity of theatrical connection or extraordinary enthusiasm. He knows at present that his MS. would lie disregarded at the first theatre to which he addressed it.

APART from this Association, I should like very much to ascertain the amount of the present available talent which has not found its way to the theatre, and to learn the views of the authors concerning the stage plays. I am one who believes that the interests of the Theatre at this time can be best promoted by following the style of Goldsmith. Authors must adapt their works much to the taste of the times, and the public does not at present relish blank verse plays. The drama of our common life, or the humorous comedy from which much amusement is obtained, seems to me to satisfy best the public demand. To attain a fair degree of success in writing a comedy after Goldsmith the following qualities are necessary, viz.: to imagine a set of characters who will act so as to bring out comic contrasts, to frame a plot suitable to the characters, and to write a simple, humorous, and pointed dialogue. I maintain that the success of Goldsmith is not owing to his name, but to the great intrinsic worth of his chief comedy, which is delightful reading as well as an admirable stage play. If there be any authors who have in their possession comedies which are after that true type which, while they are drawn from life, will bear a reading in the closet with pleasure, as well as satisfy the necessary demands of the stage for vivacity of incident, then I should like very much to make their acquaintance. I am inclined to regard *London Assurance*, but certainly not *Old Heads and Young Hearts*, as worthy of a place in the same cabinet as Goldsmith, but in a shelf below. I see no reason why the author of *She Stoops to Conquer* should not be the master of a new school of dramatic authors. His successors, in recent times, have relied overmuch upon dialogue. How otherwise can we account for the withdrawal of *Pride*, pronounced by the *Times* to be one of the greatest comedies of modern times?

In the present dearth of dramatic news, I think you might be doing good service if you opened your columns to the consideration of this subject. My interest is partly a selfish one. I have a MS. of a comedy. If there be authors willing to submit claims which on the one hand are bounded by no particular reverence for the works of Robertson, and on the other do not soar beyond the patent necessities of theatrical success, while they demand for the stage plays of more enduring merit; then let them declare themselves. A friendly competition would do good.

Your obedient servant,

MARLOW.

### DRAMATIC AMATEURS.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

SIR,—To be a distinguished amateur, it is not necessary to assume certain airs, either of carriage or conversation, neither is it desirable to cultivate a strain of uncommon magnitude, and a wonderful display of *nonchalance*. It is not necessary that amateurs should consider themselves perfectly *au fait* in every line of business, which pleasant consciousness of utility may lead often to serious squabbles with their peers. There are numerous qualifications which undoubtedly are, but should not be, possessed by "amateurs"; but, whether or not, I venture to remind them that they need not, when a piece has been decided upon for representation for any local charity or otherwise, continue to create as much disagreement as possible respecting distribution of parts. Neither need they accept their own with a disparaging air (although it happens to be one with which they are particularly in love), and a smile of resignation. A book may be taken to the early rehearsals, instead of borrowing from somebody else, or looking over the prompter and so annoying him. The part should not be gabbled over, as though it is of very little importance, neither should the rehearsal be varied with funny, catchy stories; flirtation with the actresses, or damaging the scenery with a cane or umbrella; chaffing scene-painters (I beg their pardon, scenic artists) and property-masters is bad. If any friends happen, owing to an intense admiration of the histrionic art, to stroll into the theatre during rehearsal, they should not be conversed with in a loud tone from the footlights. This sort of thing, whilst it may give them an awful sense of the vast importance of the amateur, may not impress with equal force the professional ladies who may be engaged to play in the piece. If corrected by the prompter for incorrect or careless reading or defective "business," it will be better to pay proper attention than to say "All right, my boy, it will be all right to-night," and so on. As the performance approaches, I have known more confident amateurs make merry at the expense of the more nervous and pain-taking, and speak in some such patronising tones as these:—"I know the business, my dear boy," "I've been at this little game before," "Keep your eye on me,"

"Play into my hands, and I'll take care of you," and so on, being retailed from the copious professional flow of wit and wisdom at "Rockley's" or the "Occidental." If an amateur is acquainted, even casually, with some of the leading authors or actors, so much the better for him, but he need not speak of them as "Tom," or "Dick," or "Harry," or anything of that kind, because that may be reserved for their own personal delectation over the friendly "Moet," if he happens to get the chance. At rehearsals it will not be necessary to run away when the part is called, and rush back again, seizing somebody else's book, and thereby creating confusion, and thinking that it gives an air of great importance. Nothing of the sort, for it acts in the opposite direction. "Winging" should be avoided, with that delightful article of theatrical stock-in-trade, viz., "gag." This is a very useful commodity in certain pieces when used with some discretion; that is, by a clever actor for the purpose of polishing up a tame piece; but it is a sad affliction, peculiar to amateurs, that of believing themselves equal to any amount of it. Applause always follows, as it is personal popularity and connexion, rather than intrinsic merit, which tells most on such occasions. Such applause may be stimulated by a little vigorous application of a stick on the stage, or "claque" from the "wings." It is not always desirable to transpose the "situations," to oblige an aspiring amateur, neither is it wise to re-arrange a piece for the special benefit of particular people who "fancy" it themselves. It will not be found to cover with very great glory the individual amateur, who, having finished his part of the programme, leaves little patches of inartistic paint upon his frontispiece, and mixes with his friends in the auditorium, seeming to say, "I am here," and "I have been upon the boards this evening!" The relics of the "make-up" may last until the morrow, seeming loth to quit the precious face of him who wears it. Neither does it cover with glory the individual who fills the bars and smoke-parlours with the fame of his own exploits, or the details of unaccepted "bits of advice" he has offered to others, with the details of his particular feelings on such and such a night, and his experiences of such and such a performance. These men are "bores," ignored by fellow-citizens, and admitted to a kind of qualified fraternity by professional actors, partly for the fun of hearing them make fools of themselves, and partly for the sake of the usual compliment paid on those occasions. We can excuse young and fervid men those little weaknesses which invariably accompany the excitement of first appearances behind the footlights, but when we find full-grown creatures airing their mighty nothings in society, and aspiring to as much knowledge of an art as that possessed by its veteran professors, it is time to knock off the peg on which they hang so much importance and read them wholesome advice, which they may quietly take without seeming to acknowledge its necessity.

Lady amateurs are "few and far between," but to their credit be it said, that when they do appear, they study conscientiously to do their very best, and are rather more timid than confident in approaching the "difficulties" to be overcome; a much better state of things than is often exemplified by the gentlemen.

Whether it is that the ladies are more sensitive of failure, or that they are more keenly conscious of delicate treatment, I do not pretend to say, but their more uniform success is certain. Ladies naturally do not appear so frequently, but they are gradually becoming less timid and restrained. As a rule, ladies who shine as amateurs follow it up and become professionals. And this is a proof of their earnestness. Yours, &c.,

LOUIS DOUGLAS.

### Calendar for Week ending August 8.

MONDAY, August 3.  
Croydon Bank Holiday Meeting.  
Ripon (1st day).

THURSDAY, August 6.  
Galway (2nd day).  
Brighton Club.  
Redcar (1st day).

TUESDAY, August 4.  
Ripon (2nd day).  
Brighton (1st day).

FRIDAY, August 7.  
Redcar (2nd day).  
Wenlock.  
Lewes (1st day).

WEDNESDAY, August 5.  
Brighton (2nd day).  
Galway (1st day).

SATURDAY, August 8.  
Lewes (2nd day).  
Edinburgh.

### Principal Turf Fixtures for 1874.

BRIGHTON CUP (2 miles) ..... Wednesday, August 5  
GREAT EBOR HANDICAP (2 miles) ..... Wednesday, August 28  
DONCASTER ST. LEGER (1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards) ..... Wednesday, Sept. 16  
CESAREWITCH STAKES (2 miles 2 furlongs 28 yards) ..... Tuesday, October 13  
MIDDLE PARK PLATE (6 furlongs) ..... Wednesday, October 14  
CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES (1 mile 240 yards) ..... Tuesday, October 27  
LIVERPOOL GREAT LANCASHIRE HANDICAP (1 mile) ..... Wednesday, Nov. 11  
LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP (1½ miles) ..... Friday, November 13  
SHROPSHIRE HANDICAP (1 mile) ..... Wednesday, Nov. 18  
SHREWSBURY CUP (2 miles) ..... Friday, November 20

Weednesday, August 5  
Wednesday, August 28  
Wednesday, Sept. 16  
Tuesday, October 13  
Wednesday, October 14  
Tuesday, October 27  
Wednesday, Nov. 11  
Friday, November 13  
Wednesday, Nov. 18  
Friday, November 20

### Regatta Fixtures.

AUGUST.  
3. Monday —Temple Yacht Club; Match  
3. Monday —Royal Welsh; Regatta  
4. Tuesday —Royal Yacht Squadron; Regatta—Cowes  
11. Thursday —Royal Victoria; Regatta—Ryde  
13. Thursday —Oulton Regatta  
15. Saturday —Cheshire Yacht Club; Match  
17. Monday —Royal Albert; Regatta—Southsea  
22. Saturday —Junior Thames; Matches  
22. Saturday —Corinthian Yacht Club; Centre-board Matches  
22 and 24. Saturday and Monday —Weymouth Regatta  
29. Saturday —Royal Alfred; Closing Cruise  
29. Saturday —Royal Ulster; Closing Cruise

SEPTEMBER.  
12. Saturday —Thames Sailing Club; Match  
26. —Thames Sailing Club; Centre-board Gigs

OCTOBER.  
3. Saturday —Thames Sailing Club; Match  
10. —Thames Sailing Club; Match  
24. —Thames Sailing Club; Match

### Latest London Betting.

#### ST. LEGER.

2½ to 1 agst Apology ..... 33 to 1 agst Glenalmond  
3 to 1 —George Frederick ..... 33 to 1 —Aquila  
7 to 1 —Atlantic ..... 33 to 1 —Tomahawk  
9 to 1 —Leolinus ..... 40 to 1 —Ecosais  
10 to 1 —Couronne de Fer ..... 50 to 1 —Reverberation  
20 to 1 —Feu d'Amour ..... 50 to 1 —Rostrevor  
25 to 1 —Lady Patricia ..... 60 to 1 —Daniel  
23 to 1 —Trent ..... 60 to 1 —Rob Roy

THE CESAREWITCH.  
60 to 1 on the field.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

60 to 1 on the field.

THE LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP.

60 to 1 on the field.

## Races Past.

## GOODWOOD MEETING.

Stewards: Earl of Stratford and H. Chaplin, Esq. Secretaries and Stake-holders: Messrs. Weatherby.

## FIRST DAY.

## THE STEWARDS' CUP DAY.

TUESDAY, July 28.—The CRAVEN STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 added, for three-year-olds and upwards; weight for age, with selling allowances; the second saved his stake. Craven Course (one mile and a quarter). 9 subs.

Mr. M. Dawson's b c Thunder, by Thunderbolt—Violante, 4 yrs, 9st 9lb (£2000). . . . . J. Goater 1

M. Lefevre's ch c Ecosais, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb (£2000). . . . . Fordham 2

Mr. H. Bird's Lowlander, 4 yrs, 10st 2lb (inc 7lb extra) (not to be sold). . . . . Jewitt 3

Mr. W. Bevill's Moorlands, aged, 8st 5lb (£500). . . . . A. Sadler 4

Betting: 6 to 4 on Lowlander, 4 to 1 agst Thunder, 5 to 1 agst Ecosais, and 10 to 15 agst Moorlands.

Ecosais made play at a good pace with a clear lead of Moorlands, the favourite being next, and Thunder last. They came along in this way, and five furlongs from home Ecosais was leading by a couple of lengths. Moorlands soon afterwards gave way to Thunder and Lowlander, at whom Jewitt was busy half-way up the straight, and Thunder heading Ecosais at the distance, won easily by a length; a bad third. Moorlands was last, beaten three or four lengths.

The GRATWICKE STAKES of 100 sovs each, h ft; colts 8st 10lb, fillies 8st 5lb; produce allowances. One mile and a half. 9 subs.

Lord Ailesbury's b f Aventuriere, by Adventurer—Cantine, 8st 5lb . . . . . T. Chaloner 1

Mr. Bowes's b f Polonaise, 8st 5lb . . . . . Griffiths 2

Lord Aylesford's b c Regal, 8st 7lb . . . . . F. Archer 3

Betting: Even on Aventuriere, and 100 to 60 agst Regal.

Aventuriere cut out the work at a slow pace, followed by Polonaise, Regal lying a length or two behind as they rounded the Clump. On reappearing, Polonaise drew up to the leader, and Regal dropped still further astern. In the straight, however, the three closed up, but Regal soon re-tired, and the lead was taken by Polonaise. The favourite, however, headed her again five furlongs from home, and won easily by a length and a half; a bad third.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs each, h ft, with 100 added, for two-year-olds and upwards; the winner to be sold for 300 sovs. T.Y.C. (three-quarters of a mile). 5 subs.

Mr. Gomm's ch c Fontarabian, by Fitz-Roland—Kalipyge, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb. . . . . Goater 1

Mr. T. Holmes's b f Harriet Laws, 2 yrs, 6st . . . . . Sheard 2

M. Lefevre's b c Vendee, 2 yrs, 6st (car 6st 3lb). . . . . Major 3

Mr. J. Foy's His Grace, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb . . . . . Huxtable 0

Mr. G. Angell's Lincoln, aged, 9st . . . . . Parry 0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst Fontarabian, 3 to 1 agst Harriet Laws, and 4 to 1 agst Lincoln.

Fontarabian made running, followed by Harriet Laws and Lincoln, the latter holding a position on the far side, with Vendee next the stand. Fontarabian and Harriet Laws drew away after going a furlong, but Fontarabian was never headed, and won easily by a couple of lengths from Harriet Laws; a bad third. His Grace was last.

The HAM STAKES of 100 sovs each, h ft, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 10lb, fillies 8st 7lb; produce allowances. T.Y.C. (three-quarters of a mile). 12 subs.

M. Lefevre's ch f Regalade, by Trumpeter—Regalia, 8st 4lb (car 8st 5lb). . . . . Fordham 1

Prince Soltykoff's b c New Holland, 8st 7lb . . . . . T. Chaloner 2

Betting: 11 to 10 on New Holland.

New Holland, next the rails, made play with a slight lead for half the distance, when the non-favourite joined issue, and New Holland being in trouble almost immediately Regalade joined him, the French representative won easily by half a length.

The STEWARDS' CUP (handicap), value 300 sovs, by subscription of 10 sovs each, with 100 added (the surplus to the winner in specie), for three-year-olds and upwards; winners extra. T.Y.C. (three-quarters of a mile). 73 subs.

Lord Wilton's b m Modena, by Parmesan—Archeress, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb . . . . . F. Archer 1

Mr. C. Wallis's ch c Chingachgook, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb . . . . . Glover 2

Mr. Hornastle's ch f Princess Theresa, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb . . . . . Mills 3

Capt. Machell's b g Oxonian, aged, 9st 2lb . . . . . Jewitt 0

Mr. R. N. Batt's ch c Thorn, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb . . . . . J. Osborne 0

Mr. Bowes's b m Madge Wildfire, 5 yrs, 7st 13lb . . . . . Griffiths 0

Mr. Somerville's Oxford Mixture, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb . . . . . Mordan 0

Lord Ailesbury's Cantiniere, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb (car 8st). . . . . T. Chaloner 0

Mr. R. H. Long's Maid of Perth, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb . . . . . C. Wood 0

Mr. Chaplin's Pearl, 6 yrs, 7st 6lb . . . . . Constable 0

Count Nadasy's Gamecock, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb . . . . . Butters 0

Mr. C. S. Hardy's Miss Ellis, 6 yrs, 7st 6lb . . . . . Huxtable 0

Sir G. Chetwynd's Lunar Eclipse, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb . . . . . Newhouse 0

Mr. Liebert's ch c Leopard, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb . . . . . H. Covey 1

Capt. Cooper's Maréchal Niel, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb (car 7st 2lb). . . . . Duffin 0

M. Lefevre's Novateur, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb . . . . . Major 0

Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Victoria Alexandra, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb . . . . . Morbey 0

Mr. J. Houldsworth's b c Greenwood, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb . . . . . W. Clay 0

Mr. Johnstone's b c by Blinkhoolie—Miss Hawthorn, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb . . . . . Thompson 0

Mr. Spencer's Fraulein, 4 yrs, 6st 4lb . . . . . Weedon 0

Sir C. Rushout's Sweet Agnes, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb (car 5st 10lb). . . . . Sheard 0

Sir G. Chetwynd's Berryfield, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb . . . . . C. Archer 0

Sir W. Milner's Teacher, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb . . . . . Frost 0

Mr. W. F. Watson's John Peel, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb . . . . . C. Page 0

Mr. J. Frost's Helsthorpe, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb . . . . . T. Dodd 0

## BETTING AT START.

3 to 1 agst Fraulein (t) . . . . . 20 to 1 agst Oxford Mixture (t)

7 to 1 Novateur (t) . . . . . 23 to 1 — Princess Theresa (t)

8 to 1 Chingachgook (t) . . . . . 40 to 1 — Maid of Perth (t)

10 to 1 Modena (t) . . . . . 40 to 1 — Miss Hawthorne c (t)

100 to 8 — Pearl (t) . . . . . 40 to 1 — Thorn (t)

100 to 7 — Teacher (t) . . . . . 40 to 1 — Miss Ellis (t)

100 to 7 — Leopard (t) . . . . . 40 to 1 — Sweet Agnes (t)

100 to 6 — Oxonian (t) . . . . . 50 to 1 — Berryfield (t)

20 to 1 — Cantiniere (t) . . . . . 50 to 1 — Greenwood (t)

20 to 1 — Lunar Eclipse (t) . . . . . 50 to 1 — Madge Wildfire (t)

## THE RACE.

There was very little delay in getting the lot together at the post, and, after one or two breaks away, the flag fell to a pretty fair start. The moment they were dislodged, the lead was taken by Chingachgook, who had Modena on his left, while Lunar Eclipse, in the centre of the course, laid third, with Thorn on the outside, following, the most prominent of the remainder as they streamed away from the post being Princess Theresa, Teacher, Leopard, Berryfield, the Miss Hawthorne colt, Sweet Agnes, Pearl, Helsthorpe, Greenwood, and Maid of Perth. Neither Novateur nor Oxonian got well away, but the pair soon made up their leeway, although Novateur was quite fifty yards in the rear of the leaders as they descended the hill. When they were fairly down the hill, Chingachgook held a lead of two lengths from Modena, while Thorn was lying third, about a length in the wake of Lord Wilton's mare, but the north-country horse had a line to himself on the right, Lunar Eclipse, Berryfield, and the Miss Hawthorne colt following. After settling into their places, the race was almost reduced to a match between Chingachgook and Modena. Thorn being the only one that appeared at all likely to trouble the pair, who were so far ahead of the others, that Thorn and Lunar Eclipse both gave way a little less than a quarter of a mile from home, and Modena drew in front of Chingachgook, who touched the rails, so close was he running to them. From the moment that Modena took the lead, the issue of the race was over in the last doubt, and Archer bringing the mare along, won in a manner by four lengths from Chingachgook, while Princess Theresa was third, beaten about half a dozen lengths. Berryfield was fourth, with tNovateur fifth, Fraulein sixth, Miss Hawthorne colt seventh; then came a compact body of horses, the last lot being Lunar Eclipse, Greenwood, Thorn, Cantiniere, Leopard, and Madge Wildfire. Time, as taken by Benson's chronograph, 1min 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. Net value of the stakes, £820.

The ALVAN STAKES of 50 sovs each, 30 ft, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 10lb, fillies 8st 6lb; winners extra; the second saved her stake. Half a mile. 24 subs.

Capt. Machell's b c Telescope, by Speculum—Rememberance, 9st 2lb (inc 6lb extra). . . . . Jewitt 1

Mr. W. S. Crawford's b f Calvina, 8st 6lb . . . . . T. Chaloner 1

Lord Falmouth's b c Dreadnought, 8st 13lb (inc 3lb extra) . . . . . F. Archer 1

Lord Hartington's Chaplet, 8st 9lb . . . . . H. Jeffery 0

M. Lefevre's Fille du Ciel, 8st 6lb . . . . . Fordham 0

Mr. T. E. Walker's Novar, 8st 13lb (inc 3lb extra) . . . . . Huxtable 0

Betting: 9 to 4 agst Dreadnought, 5 to 2 agst Chaplet, 3 to 1 agst Telescope, and 10 to 1 each agst Novar and Fille du Ciel.

Telescope held a position on the left and made play in advance of Novar and Fille du Ciel, with Dreadnought last to the distance, where Novar and Fille du Ciel were beaten, and Dreadnought and Calvina took close order with Capt. Machell's colt, who, however, drew away at the half-distance and won by a length and a half. Calvina and Dreadnought ran a dead heat for second place. Novar was fourth, and Fille du Ciel last.

The HALNAKE STAKES of 50 sovs each, with 100 added, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 10lb, fillies 8st 6lb; penalties and allowances; winners extra. Half a mile. 11 subs.

Mr. Chaplin's b f by Cathedral—Nutbush, 8st 6lb . . . . . H. Jeffery 1

Mr. C. Samuda's b c The Black Watch, 8st 10lb . . . . . Fordham 2

Mr. Alex. Baltazzi's b f Camilla, 8st 6lb . . . . . Huxtable 3

Lord Bradford's b c by Victorious—Elspeth, 8st 7lb . . . . . T. Chaloner 0

Mr. J. Foy's Helen, 8st 8lb . . . . . Lantes 0

Capt. A. Prime's ch f by Hermit—Adeliz, 8st 3lb . . . . . Constable 0

Mr. T. Smith's ch f Peel, 9st (inc 4lb extra) . . . . . Butler 0

Betting: Even on Nutbush filly, 5 to 1 each agst Elspeth colt and Camilla, and 100 to 15 agst any other.

Camelia made the running for a short distance, when the favourite rushed to the front and won very easily by two lengths. A neck divided second and third. Adeliz colt fourth, Helen fifth, Elspeth colt and John Peel, who broke a blood-vessel, last.

The ROUS STAKES of 20 sovs each, h ft, for three-year-olds; colts 8st 10lb, fillies 8st 7lb; winners extra; penalties and allowances. Last mile. 5 subs.

Mr. Savile's f by Parmesan—Columbine, 8st . . . . . T. Chaloner 1

M. Lefevre's Vexation, 8st . . . . . Butler 2

Betting: 6 to 4 on Columbine filly, who led all the way, and won by half a length.

## SECOND DAY.

## THE STAKES DAY.

A MAIDEN STAKES of 18 sovs each, with 100 added, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 10lb, fillies 8st 7lb; winners extra; the second saved her stake. Y.T.C. (three-quarters of a mile). 7 subs.

Capt. Prime's ch f by Hermit—Adeliz, 8st 7lb . . . . . F. Archer 1

Sir F. Johnston's ch f by Saunterer—Dulcimer, 8st 7lb . . . . . Cannon 2

Lord Bradford's b c by Victorious—Elspeth, 8st 10lb . . . . . Chaloner 3

Mr. G. Lambert's Balbriggen, 8st 10lb . . . . . J. Goater 0

M. Lefevre's Fleurange, 8st 7lb . . . . . Fordham 0

Mr. J. Baylis's Lord Rosebery, 8st 10lb . . . . . Wyatt 0

Capt. Baillie's Nutbush, 8st 7lb . . . . . T. Osborne 0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Lord Rosebery, 4 to 1 agst Elspeth colt, and 5 to 1 each agst Adeliz filly and Fleurange.

## THE STAKES DAY.

A MAIDEN STAKES of 18 sovs each, with 100 added, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 10lb, fillies 8st 7lb; winners extra; penalties and allowances. Last mile. 5 subs.

Capt. Prime's ch f by Hermit—Adeliz, 8st 7lb . . . . . F. Archer 1

Sir F. Johnston's ch f by Saunterer—Dulcimer, 8st 7lb . . . . . Cannon 2

Lord Bradford's b c by Victorious—Elspeth, 8st 10lb . . . . . Chaloner 3

Mr. G. Lambert's Balbriggen, 8st 10lb . . . . . J. Goater 0

M. Lefevre's Fleurange, 8st 7lb . . . . . Fordham 0

Mr. J. Baylis's Lord Rosebery, 8st 10lb . . . . . Wyatt 0

Capt. Baillie's Nutbush, 8st 7lb . . . . . T. Osborne 0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Lord Rosebery, 4 to 1 agst Elspeth colt, and 5 to 1 each agst Adeliz filly and Fleurange.

## THE STAKES DAY.

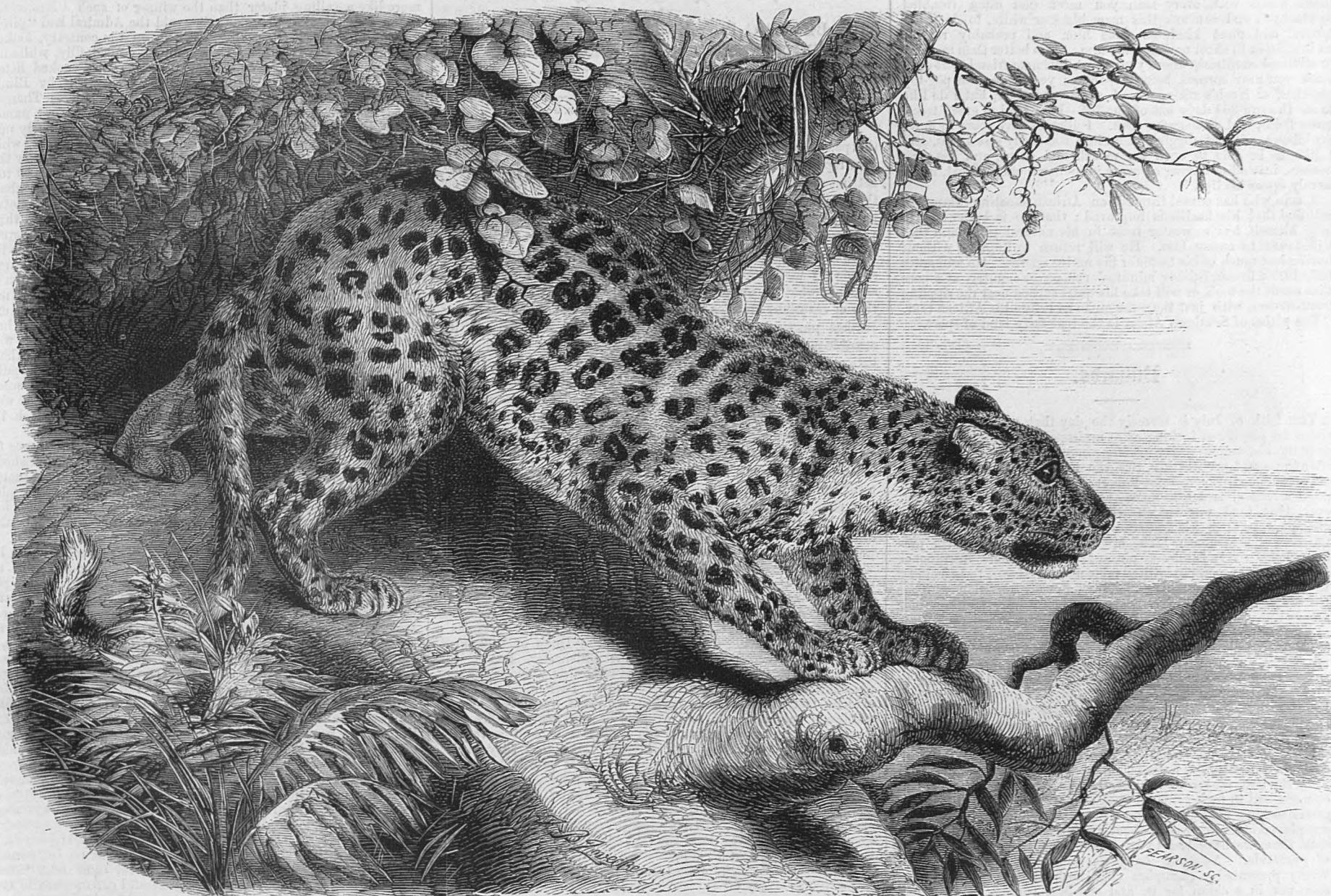
A MAIDEN STAKES of 18 sovs each, with 100 added, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 10lb, fillies 8st 7lb; winners extra; penalties and allowances. Last mile. 5 subs.

Capt. Prime's ch f by Hermit—Adeliz, 8st 7lb . . . . . F. Archer 1

Sir F. Johnston's ch f by Saunterer—Dulcimer, 8st 7lb . . . . . Cannon 2



A TREK-BOKKEN.



ON THE ALERT.

## A TREK-BOKKEN ;

OR, PERIODICAL MIGRATION OF GAME IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

It would be difficult for those who have never visited the interior of Africa to imagine or even form a remote conception of the countless herds of different kinds of antelope that are occasionally to be met with on her vast plains. Lack of water, the curse and the prevailing feature of these savage regions, frequently compels the *fauna* to assemble in countless companies round the last dregs of expiring moisture, without reference to caste or hereditary animosities ; and on such an occasion the picture they represent is one that must be seen to be believed.

At a single *coup-d'œil* may be seen mixed multitudes of the graceful spring-bok, the brindled gnu, the red and yellow harte-beeste, the purple sassaby, the peach-bloom coloured gems-bok, the roan antelope, the corkscrew-horned koodoo, the white-faced bles-bok, the many-striped zebra, the agile quagga, intermingled with troops of unwieldy eland, flocks of ostriches, and countless varieties of smaller animals—

" Rolling and blackening, swarms succeeding swarms,  
With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms,  
Dusky they spread, in close embodied crowds,  
And o'er the vales descend in living clouds."

Our artist has given a life-like representation of such a scene, in which the hunters, mounted and on foot, have made an indiscriminate attack upon the combined horde ; and the eloquent word-painting of the greatest sportsman of this century, Sir William Harris, will convey to the reader a very fair idea of the vast quantity of game that is to be met with in these regions :

" It was on the banks of the Meritsane, south of the twenty-sixth parallel of latitude, that we first witnessed one of these grand and imposing spectacles. Countless herds, which had congregated from every quarter to drink of the stagnant waters of that river, literally covered the wide extended landscape for many miles, nor could the numbers assembled have fallen short of fifteen or twenty thousand. ' You should have seen this ground ten years ago,' is the observation which usually grates on the ear of the disappointed sportsman who visits some boasted hunting grounds in India, only to find it tenantless ; and so little game had been seen by our party previous to reaching this river, that we were strongly tempted to treat the accounts that had been given of its abundance as altogether fabulous. With this noble panorama, however, we opened our campaign against the African fauna. A host of famished savages scoured in our wake, dexterously despatching the wounded animals as they fell, by a touch on the spine with the point of an assegai, hastily covering up the carcasses with thorn branches, to secure them from the voracity of the impatient vultures, which swooped in myriads, and, seeming utterly heedless of the presence of man, plucked out the eyes of the yet living victims. Never, perhaps, has there been witnessed such an onslaught, since the days

" when Nimrod bold,  
That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,  
And stained the woodland green with purple dye."

" Troop upon troop now pour in from every quarter, and continue to join each other, until the whole plain seems literally alive ; and thousands still bearing down from every point of the compass, a vast extent of country, which presently becomes chequered white and black with their congregated masses, at length presents the appearance of a moving mass of game. The clatter of their hoofs becomes perfectly

astounding, and can be compared to nothing but the din of a tremendous charge of cavalry, or the rushing of a mighty tempest. Their incredible numbers so impede their onward progress, that the horseman experiences no difficulty in closing with the motley band. As the panic caused by the repeated reports of his rifle increases, the rear ranks, pressing tumultuously upon the heels of the leaders of the retreating phalanx, cause indescribable confusion. Dense clouds of dust hover over them, and the long necks of troops of ostriches are to be seen towering above the heads of their less gigantic neighbours, and sailing past with great rapidity, whilst a host of hungry vultures, which, wheeling in airy circles like small specks in the firmament, have been gradually descending, and now swoop with the velocity of lightning as each succeeding flash of the deadly tube gives token of prey, serve to complete a picture which must be seen to be understood, and which beggars all attempt at description."

The *Trek-bokken*, as the colonists are wont to term the immense migratory swarms of different kinds of antelope which from time to time inundate the abodes of civilization to the destruction of every green herb or sign of crops, not only form one of the most remarkable features in the zoölogy of Central Africa, but may also be reckoned amongst the most extraordinary examples of the fecundity of animal life.

The spring-bok, which is unquestionably one of the most graceful and symmetrical of the antelope species, may be found in countless herds on the broad plains of the interior. It abounds at times to such an incredible extent that the whole face of the country, as far as the eye can sweep, is absolutely white with their congregated multitudes. As the traveller advances over the trackless expanse, hundreds of this delicately-formed antelope bound away on either side of his path with meteor-like and sportive velocity, winging their bird-like flight by a quick succession of those singularly elastic leaps, which have given rise to its colonial appellation, and which enable it to surpass as well in swiftness as in grace almost every other mammiferous quadruped. But although frequently found herding by itself, the spring-bok is more usually detected in the society of gnus, quaggas, ostriches, or bles-boks. Fleet as the wind and thoroughly conscious of its own speed, it mingles with these motley herds, sauntering about with an easy careless gait, occasionally with outstretched neck approaching some coquettish doe, and spreading its own glittering white folds so as to effect a sudden and complete metamorphosis of exterior from fawn colour to white. Wariest of the wary, however, the spring-boks are ever the first to take the alarm and to lead the retreating column.

Harris thus describes a *trek-bokken* : " To form any estimate of their numbers on such occasions would be perfectly impossible. The havoc committed in their onward progress falling nothing short of a wasting swarm of locusts. Pouring down like the devastating curse of Egypt from their native plains in the interior, whence they have been driven, after protracted drought, by the failure of the stagnant pools on which they have relied, whole legions of spring-boks, abandoning the parched soil, throng with one accord to deluge and lay waste the cultivated regions, and so effectually does the van of the vast column destroy every vestige of verdure, that the rear is often reduced to positive starvation. The lion has then been seen stalking in the middle of the compressed phalanx, removed little more than a paw's length from his powerless victims, whilst flocks of sheep have not unfrequently

been swept away by the living torrent, and no more seen. Ere the morning's dawn, cultivated fields, which the evening before appeared proud of their promising verdure, despite of every precaution that can be taken, are reaped level with the ground, and the grazier, despoiled of his lands, is driven to seek pasture for his flocks elsewhere, until the bountiful thunder-clouds, reanimating nature, restore vegetation to the burnt-up country. Then these unwelcome visitors, whose ranks, during their short but destructive sojourn, have been thinned both by man and beast, retire instinctively to their secluded abodes, to renew their depredations when necessity shall again compel them."

This account, which is in no way exaggerated or overdrawn, is more than corroborated by the testimony of Gordon Cumming, Osswell, Livingstone, and a host of other African travellers. Gordon Cumming gives the following graphic description of one of these periodical migrations of game during a severe drought : " On the 28th I had the satisfaction of beholding, for the first time, what I have often heard the Boers speak of, viz., a ' trek-bokken,' or grand migration of spring-boks. This was, I think, the most extraordinary and striking scene, as connected with beasts of the chase, I ever beheld. For about two hours before dawn I had been lying awake in my waggon listening to the grunting of the bucks within 200 yards of me, imagining that some large herd of spring-boks was feeding beside my camp ; but rising when it was light, and looking about me, I beheld the ground to the northward of my camp actually covered with a dense living mass of spring-boks, marching slowly and steadily along ; they extended from an opening in a long range of hills on the west, through which they continued pouring, like the flood of some great river, to a ridge about a mile to the north-east, over which they disappeared : the breadth of ground they covered might have been somewhere about half-a-mile. I stood on the fore-chest of my waggon for nearly two hours, lost in astonishment at the novel and wonderful scene before me, and had some difficulty in convincing myself that it was a reality which I beheld, and not the wild and exaggerated picture of a hunter's dream. During this time these vast legions continued streaming through the neck in the hills in one unbroken compact phalanx. At length I saddled up, and, riding into the middle of them with my rifle and after-riders, fired into their ranks until fourteen had fallen, when I cried ' Enough.' We then retraced our steps to secure from the ever-voracious vultures the venison which lay strewed along my track : having collected the spring-boks at different bushes, and concealed them with brushwood, we returned to camp."

In certain parts of the interior of Africa, game of every description is still to be found, unlimited in quantity ; but the wholesale introduction of fire-arms of late years has made every man more or less a hunter, consequently, the sportsman who would kill elephant, rhinoceros, the great *carnivora*, or make a collection of the numerous kinds of antelope, must now go far away from the general European trading settlements, and, having provided himself with a suitable equipment, and following, strike into the interior from the seabord. African hunting is an excellent remedy against *ennui*, and the man who has done Europe may still find ample excitement in stalking through tropical forests abounding with large game, or in riding over magnificent plains teeming with countless antelope of different kinds. Elephant, rhinoceros, and lions are still plentiful, at no great distance inland, for those who are fond of hazardous sport and midnight

excitement; and, as a famous African sportsman in the Artillery wrote, "It is a great comfort to be in a barbarous land where you shake hands with every man you meet (not often troubled by-the-bye), and can ask this man, black or white, to do you a favour, and meet kindness from him, and probably receive an invitation to shoot or dine with him. It is better than residing in civilised countries, where your most intimate friend will only know you near corners, because perhaps you don't wear peg-top breeches, or Noah's-ark coats. I am no grumbler, but I do like to see the sun 300 days out of the 365—I am fond of green trees, green fields, and even green men. I like to have room to move my elbows, without digging them into somebody else's ribs, and I like to be able to open my mouth and shout, and have no hearers, instead of having an army jump down one's throat, if one merely opens his lips."

A man who has passed through an African shooting campaign, will find that his health is improved; that he is better able to help himself, has a greater trust in his natural gifts, and that trifles cease to annoy him. He will return to England without having lost much of his taste for his native sports. He will enter fully into a five-and-thirty minutes' run across country, at a pace that weeds the mob, or will take his quiet station near the rippling trout-stream, with just the same gusto as before his African tour. "The plains of Southern Africa is the true fairy land of sport."

### Billiards.

THE 24th of July is scarcely the day that one would select, either for playing or looking on at an important game of billiards or pyramids, and it was therefore almost a certainty, especially after the recent hot weather, that the match for the championship at pyramids, between John Roberts, jun., and W. Cook, would prove a failure, as a gate-money speculation. We suppose, however, that Cook was anxious to have the chance of becoming champion, prior to his departure to America, which is fixed for the 25th of this month. The origin of the match was the presentation of a very handsome piece of plate, by Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, the eminent billiard table manufacturers, to be held by the champion at pyramids under the following conditions: "That the competitors play in London, for £50 a-side, staking their money one calendar month before the date of the match, such match to consist of twenty-one games of pyramid; that not less than six calendar months must elapse between the challenge and the match; that it be played on a new billiard table by Burroughes and Watts, with ordinary-sized pockets and according to their published rules of the game; the players to appoint a referee before each match; the plate to become the absolute property of the player holding it for three consecutive years in accordance with the above-named conditions. Prior to the present time, there has been no actual champion at pyramids, though, by common consent, John Roberts, jun., was universally acknowledged to be the best player, and, in his last great match, attempted to owe one ball in each game to Cook, but suffered defeat by eleven games to nine, after some superb play by both men. This match was played at Cook's rooms about twelve months ago, and, since that time, we have had to be contented with exhibition games at pyramids. As soon, however, as Messrs. Burroughes and Watts presented champion cup, both Roberts and Cook at once put in a claim for it, and the first contest took place at the Guildhall Tavern, last Friday week.

Play was advertised to commence at half-past eight o'clock; but it was very nearly nine before the men appeared, and then the room was not half full. More spectators arrived later on, and the assemblage was never very numerous, and seemed scarcely so select as usual; so, as a natural consequence, there was a little more noise than we are accustomed to hear during the progress of an important match. Beyond one or two very trivial investments at 5 and 6 to 4 on Roberts, we heard no betting, nor was there any speculation on individual games. Cook, who had far the better luck throughout, won the first three games "off the reel," Roberts making a pretty break of seven balls in the second, and Cook doing the same in the third. The fourth was a very long game, each playing for safety, till the balls were scattered all over the table, then each man had a good chance, but failed to take much advantage of it, and finally Cook ran in at a critical point, and Roberts won by 9 to 5. The fifth was a very similar game, and resulted in the same way. The sixth and seventh were won by Cook, who made a nice break of six in the latter game. Roberts next won twice successively, and then came the tenth, which was the best game of the match. Roberts was 2 to 0, and then, with three grand hazards in succession, reached 5 to 1. A very rash stroke then gave his opponent a splendid chance, of which, however, he failed to avail himself, and Roberts reached 7 to 3. He then stood still till Ingarfield called "seven all," and, after a pretty exhibition of single pool—the only one during the match—Cook put his opponent down with a beautiful double from the bottom cushion. The score now stood Cook 6, Roberts 4, and the usual interval took place. On resuming play, Roberts was far more careful than he had been previously, and won four games in succession, in one of which he made a break of seven. Then another change took place, Cook winning the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth games, in all of which he showed himself a thorough master of the game, and made breaks of eight, six, seven, and six, respectively. In the nineteenth game Cook stood at 5 to owe 1, when he missed an easy hazard, and Roberts won the game right off with a brilliant break of nine. This, however, was his last effort, for, in the twentieth game, he made a miss cue when he appeared to have a chance of winning, and Cook reached 8 to 0, and thus won the match by eleven games to nine. We append the full score:—

1st game.—Cook won by	9 to 3	11th game.—Roberts, by	9 to 1
2nd game.—Cook,	by 8 to 7	12th game.—Roberts, by	9 to 0
3rd game.—Cook,	by 9 to 5	13th game.—Roberts, by	9 to 5
4th game.—Roberts,	by 10 to 5	14th game.—Roberts,	by 8 to 6
5th game.—Roberts,	by 9 to 1	15th game.—Cook,	by 9 to 5
6th game.—Cook,	by 8 to 6	16th game.—Cook,	by 9 to 1
7th game.—Cook,	by 9 to 0,	17th game.—Cook,	by 8 to 6
8th game.—Roberts,	by 9 to 2	18th game.—Cook,	by 9 to 1
9th game.—Roberts,	by 9 to 3	19th game.—Roberts,	by 8 to 6
10th game.—Cook,	by 8 to 7	20th game.—Cook,	by 8 to 0

Result.—Cook, 11; Roberts, 9.

On the whole, we were rather disappointed with the match, and have seen both men play far better. Roberts certainly made some marvellous hazards; but his extreme confidence in his own powers, great assistance though it undoubtedly is, led him occasionally to play for a hazard which no man but himself would have attempted, and the failure to make which left his opponent the game. Cook was far more careful, and, to our mind, played a sounder game; yet several times he missed easy strokes, which got him into sad trouble. The loser had the worst of the luck throughout, and ran in no less than four times in the course of the match, and we are confident that it will not be long before he regains his lost laurels. We hear that there will soon be another candidate for the plate, in the person of D. Digges, who used to be a very brilliant pyramid player, but who has not engaged in match playing for some time past. If, however, he is in his old form, he will prove no mean antagonist to either Roberts or Cook.

### Sporting Intelligence.

#### THE BETTING PROSECUTIONS.—RACING, PROSPECTIVE, AND RETROSPECTIVE.

"It seems to be the fate of man, to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation."—DR. JOHNSON.

THE remedy I suggested a fortnight back in the columns of this paper, and again pressed on the attention of our Parliamentary Turf representatives last week, to put an end to the scandalous betting prosecutions, has at length, after a great deal of writing on the subject, been echoed by both *The Times* and *Daily Telegraph*, namely, the repeal of Sir Alexander Cockburn's bungling Act of 1853, and the substitution of another that could be understood by the common herd of mankind. The latter journal indeed almost adopts my very words, for in one of its impressions, it says: "But after all, what we imperatively want is, not a judicial interpretation of vexatious statutes, by Judges, in some of whom learning crushes practical common sense, but a new Act, framed by sensible men of the world, who well understand how to suppress lists and betting-houses, without interfering with a noble national sport. Let it at once be recognised that betting can no more be stopped by Act of Parliament than breathing, and that its excesses are all that legislation ought to control. If Lord GEORGE BENTINCK were alive we should not despair, even within the few days that remain before Parliament is prorogued, about seeing some brief act passed, which would secure racing men from molestation until the commencement of next Session. But, as matters now stand, it is to be feared that, during the coming autumn, we shall have repeated applications to magistrates for summonses, directed not only against speculators, but also against those public-spirited gentlemen whose sole aim is the prosperity and welfare of the Turf." These words are not only "common sense" but almost prophetic, for at this very moment a case has been decided by the Brighton bench of magistrates, where Mr. Holt has been convicted for permitting betting at a pigeon shooting match which took place recently in his grounds; and it is not at all improbable that the Duke of Richmond will be shortly had up before a Chichester Bench for allowing betting in his park at Goodwood this week. The impossibility of stopping betting by act of Parliament is a self-evident fact, which hardly needed the proof, furnished by the wholesale migration of the keepers of the Scotch offices, to Boulogne, where their business can doubtless be just as readily carried on as at Edinburgh or Glasgow. And that they do not intend to "hide their light under a bushel," is proved by the establishment of *The French and English Sportsman*, a new journal in both vernaculars, published in their interest, and which was largely sold on Tuesday at Goodwood. The Act, which comes into operation on Saturday, will doubtless prevent the establishment of agencies for its public sale in the United Kingdom, but otherwise, its publication cannot be suppressed without its being seized at the post-office, *à la* Sir James Graham, a step which would be rather too arbitrary for any government to attempt; so the sooner the vexed question of betting is properly legislated upon the better.

"Slowness" most unmistakably characterised the opening day in the Ducal Park, and notwithstanding the "house" being occupied by their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and their being present on the course each day, with their numerous and distinguished guests, the company present during the meeting was not nearly so numerous as on many previous anniversaries. For this, doubtless the threatening state of the weather was in some measure to blame, and on the first day, a succession of showers helped in no small degree to spoil the display on the lawn, while the dampness of the ground sadly interfered with the *al fresco* luncheons, which usually make such a grand display, and add so largely to the enjoyment of the visitors.

If the company was less brilliant than usual so was the racing; for the fields were much smaller than might have been anticipated, from the extent of the entries, nor did the same importance as of old attach to the Two-year-old contest. The Craven Stakes fortunately filled, no fewer than nine horses having been nominated for it, but Lowlander being among the number, only Thunder, Ecossais and Moorlands entered the lists with him. The great Ascot victor, who was in brilliant condition, carried the, welter weight of 10st 1lb, owing to his being entered not to be sold, so he had to give 7lb to Thunder, 1st 9lb to Ecossais, and 1st 11lb to Moorlands, the latter of whom being aged, had a great pull in the weights, but nevertheless, when the clothes were pulled off him, it was seen he would not do, as he was light and shelly. Ecossais, on the contrary, looked greatly improved, while Thunder was as brilliant as a star. His extraordinary succession of victories at the Royal Meeting caused odds to be betted on Lowlander, while 4 to 1 was taken to a little money, very little, about Thunder; and Ecossais and Moorlands had some support accorded to them, at 5 and 7 to 1 respectively. The race was only run at a moderate pace; Ecossais showing the way, followed in single file by Moorlands and Lowlander, while Thunder lay off. Coming down the hill, the latter closed up with the leaders, and to the horror of the backers of the favourite, Jewitt was seen to be hard on him, and from the distance Thunder had it all his own way, and won easily by a length from Ecossais, the favourite being a very bad third, and Moorlands last. The easy defeat of the favourite caused the utmost astonishment. No excuse was offered for it by his trainer, owner or friends, all of whom stood him, and the only reason I can suggest is that his shoulders are not so well formed as they might be, and are better adapted for getting up hill rather than down, which may account for his unparalleled success at Ascot. The Gratwickie Stakes furnished three runners, of whom Lord Ailesbury's Aventurière was held in most favour, and she achieved a very clever victory over Polonaise and Regal in the midst of a heavy shower of rain. The Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, run on the T.Y.C. brought out the five entered, and Fontarabian, who was the favourite, won in a canter, as he was bound to do, being only opposed by two indifferent two-year-olds, old Lincoln and His Grace.

The great race of the day, the Steward's Plate, as usual, occasioned immense interest, the saddling Paddock being crowded to its fullest extent, by those anxious to take stock of the several competitors, which, as the telegraph immediately announced, numbered twenty-five. This was the smallest field for several years, and one of the most indifferent besides. Fraulein, whom it was whispered about could not loose, being regarded by the Findon stable as another Tibthorpe, was sought for in vain, as she was saddled in the wood at the back of the stand, where Modena was also put to rights, consequently few had an opportunity of closely scanning the pair, who were to act such different parts in the race prior to its dénouement. Those who had backed the favourite, and insisted on

seeing her, went away anything but satisfied that they had made a good investment, for although a pretty little filly, she looked more like a selling plater than the winner of such a race as the Steward's Cup, even though as they said the Admiral had "pitchforked" her in with 6st 4lb. Modena on the contrary, looked grand, and I have seldom seen a more improved filly, while her condition was superb. Of the others those that looked fittest were Chingachgook, Oxonian, Thorn, Novateur, colt by Blinkhoolie out of Miss Hawthorn, Maid of Perth, Princess Theresa, and Berryfield, and the brilliant appearance of the first named gained him many partisans. Fraulein people were so fairly mad about her, that she left off at the very short odds of 3 to 1, while Chingachgook had a host of backers at 100 to 15, and after this Novateur and The Pearl were in most demand at 7 and 10 to 1 respectively, while 100 to 8 was pretty freely taken about Modena, Oxonian, The Teacher and Leopard, but "long shots" were offered against any other. In the running of the first three hundred yards, it was plain that the issue of the race lay between Chingachgook and Modena, for there appeared a gap of some ten lengths between the pair and the ruck; Chingachgook having a great deal the best of it for half the distance, when he began to compound, and although Archer had to ride Modena hard, and she at one moment appeared as if going to shut up, she at the end won easily by four lengths. Of the others, those that ran best were Princess Theresa, who was placed third, Thorn (who was, perhaps, third best), Berryfield, Novateur, the Miss Hawthorn colt, and Maid of Perth. The victory of Modena was a popular one, and Lord Wilton was heartily congratulated on the success of his very handsome filly, who with Princess Theresa, were among the lot I last week pointed out as likely to furnish the winner.

For the Lavant, I was also right in expressing a preference for Telescope, as this very handsome son of Speculum accomplished a very clever victory, notwithstanding his carrying a 6lb penalty. And as Dreadnought, the pretty racing-like Calvine, and Chaplet, Novar, and the French filly, Fille du Ciel, comprised the field he beat, there is great merit in the performance. The Halmauer Stakes was a mere canter for Mr. Chaplin's filly by Cathedral out of Nutbush, for in the fashion of her dam when on the Turf, she cut down her opponents in the first two hundred yards, and won by two lengths. In this performance, too, there was no little merit, as behind her were the good-looking Black Watch, Camelia, John Peel, Helen, the colt by Victorious out of Elspeth, a good-looking youngster, who ran for the first time, and the filly by The Hermit out of Adeliz, to whose good looks and action I drew attention some weeks back, when I saw her gallop on the South Downs, on the opening of the New Grand Stand on the Lewes racecourse. The Rous Stakes was reduced to a match between Mr. Savile's black filly, by Parmesan out of Columbine, a large lengthy filly, and Vexation, a very neat filly, by Monarque out of Airedale, the former of whom, with odds of 6 to 4 on her, won easily by half-a-length, and so terminated the first day's proceedings.

Wednesday being the Stakes day, there was a considerable increase in the attendance, and the weather though threatening, holding fine, the afternoon was passed with unalloyed enjoyment. The racing commenced with the Maiden Two-Year-Old Stakes, run on the T. Y. C., which fell to the filly by Hermit out of Adeliz, who thus showed marked improvement on her running of the previous afternoon, and as she beat some good-looking youngsters, she is likely to have a successful career when in more forward condition. In the Drawing Room Stakes, Volturino suffered a most unlooked for defeat from Mr. Savile's Parmesan filly, the winner of the Rous Stakes on Tuesday, who got up in the last stride and won by a head. For the Handicap on the T. Y. C., Eve was made a very warm favourite, Berryfield, who ran so forward in the Stewards' Stakes, being overlooked by nearly every one except his owner. He had the race in hand all the way, and won easily.

Owing to my limit of space I am compelled to omit any detailed notice of the running for the Stakes, and pass on to Thursday when a brilliant day caused the assemblage of an immense and distinguished company at Goodwood, and most of the races brought out good fields and were spiritedly contested. After La Courre had walked over for the Sweepstakes of 50 sovs., the Visitors' Plate afforded a brilliant contest between Caro and Kidbrooke, the latter of whom got up in the last stride and made a dead heat of it, subsequently walking over, the stakes being divided. The Prince of Wales' Stakes, a prize worthy of the name, being worth 2,200 sovs., gave the French stable a good turn, as Mirliflor, having been got into better form than he was in when he ran in the July Stakes, won with a good bit in hand, beating Garter Bell, who finished before him at Newmarket, and six others. Lord Falmouth's colt is still backward, as was the half-brother to Cremorne, who ran third. The result of the Molecomb gave backers a heavy blow, as 5 to 2 was freely betted on Telescope, but he failed to stay, and was easily beaten by Craig Millar, who was my selection for this race. The Cup now came on the tapis, but it occasioned very little interest, compared with many former contests for this splendid prize. The field only numbered six, two being in Mr. Savile's interest, as he ran Lilian, to secure a place for Kaiser, who was opposed by Organist, Doncaster, Barbillon, and Miss Toto, who represented M. Lefevre instead of Flageolet, one of whose legs having filled a few days back caused him to be scratched. All the party were in brilliant condition, but nevertheless Organist had been doing his work in such a shifty fashion that he went gradually out of favour, to which Kaiser returned, after being knocked about a bit by the "pencillers by the way," owing to a rumour of his being lame, through having thrown a shoe; whether it was so or not, his action was not in the least affected, but after a splendid race he suffered defeat by a head from Doncaster, who might have won further, had he not swerved in the last few strides. Organist ran just as those who saw him do his work anticipated, and Barbillon's performance showed that he had lost any form he might have had, a remark that also applies to Miss Toto. The field for the Chichester Stakes was smaller than usual, as eleven of thirty-nine horses weighted ran, including Fraulein, who cut up just as badly as for the Stewards' Plate, as Trombone beat her in a canter, giving her within a pound of three stone, while Modena also beat her, giving her a stone more than on Tuesday—so much for relying on private trials. Polonaise had no difficulty in disposing of Conqueror and Novateur defeated Volturino and Aventurière without an effort for Racing Stakes. The Four-year-old Bentinck Memorial was walked over for by Wild Myrtle, and a long days racing was brought to a close by the victory of Dreadnought for the Bentinck Memorial stakes for two-year-olds.

The Sussex circuit will be continued next week, at Brighton and Lewes, the former meeting being held on Tuesday and the two following days, while Friday and Saturday will be devoted to the pleasant réunion on the South Downs. The programme for Brighton proper extends to fourteen events, seven for each day, while there are eight races in the list for Thursday afternoon, when the proceedings take place under the auspices of the Brighton Club. The Brighton Stakes, the Corporation Stakes, and the Champagne Stakes, are the principal races on the list for Tuesday. For the former 21 horses have been weighted, and it seems likely to fall to FREEMAN, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb, MERÉVALE, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb, or GLACIER, 4 yrs, 6st 13lb, the former for choice.

For the Club Day the only race ripe for discussion at the time I write, is the Brighton Club Two-year-old Stakes. For this event no fewer than 51 youngsters have been nominated, the greater number of whom are "dark," but as the Findon stable has Woodlands, Rotherhill, and Falkenberg, engaged, William Goater is almost certain to take it, and I consider after his performance at Goodwood, that WOODLANDS is entitled to the preference.

The list issued by Mr. J. F. Verrall for the Lewes Meeting is as usual well filled and gives promise of some exciting sport. The Priory Stakes and the De Warrene Handicap are the principal items for the first day. The former is for two-year-olds, no fewer than 48 of whom are engaged, including Vae Victis, Strathavon, Moatlands, the Lady Rollo colt, John Peel, Woodlands, and Cock-a-hoop, all of whom are penalised, so I shall look for the success of the colt by THE HERMIT out of BUNCH, who is the stable companion of The Black Watch and the Adeliz filly, both of whom ran so well this week at Goodwood.

For the De Warrene Handicap sixty-nine horses have been weighted, but as the acceptances are not due until two o'clock on Tuesday, I dare no more than express an opinion that the winner will very likely be included in the following:—

	YRS ST LB		YRS ST LB
Tintern	4 7 13	Tranquility	4 7 4
Flower of Dorset	4 7 7	Vengeresse	3 7 4
Quantock	3 7 7	St. Liz	4 7 2
Somerset	4 7 7	Maes-y-berllan	6 6 12
Chingachgook	3 7 7	Belle of Brixton	3 5 7
Lincoln	4 7 7		

of which I prefer the chance of LINCOLN.

For the second day, the Lewes Grand Handicap, the Sussex Stakes, and the County Cup are the races at present ripe for discussion. No fewer than eighty-five horses have been handicapped for the Lewes Grand Handicap, the acceptances for which are not to be declared until two o'clock on Tuesday, a fact that precludes the necessity of my analysing the weights at any length, nor does time indeed permit of my doing so. The best in I consider to be:—

	YRS ST LB		YRS ST LB
Flurry	6 7 9	Mont Valerien	4 6 11
Louise	5 7 7	Snail	4 6 7
Redworth	4 7 7	Petition	3 5 12
Indian Ocean	4 7 2		

and INDIAN OCEAN ran sufficiently well in the Goodwood Stakes to have a great chance here, and after him I prefer PETITION. In the County Cup I shall stand by the chance of the NUTBUSH FILLY.

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